
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

APRIL, 1804.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
SIR WILLIAM JONES.

On JONES's birth the arts and graces smil'd,
And genius mark'd him for her darling child.

POWERS OF GENIUS:

THE subject of our present memoir shines with a more than ordinary lustre in the annals of biography. His envied lot it was, to cultivate the sciences with success, and to reach the summit of his profession. Indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge, and happy in directing his attainments to the most useful purposes, he on these accounts possessed an uncommon degree of popularity. When he fell untimely in the midst of his days, his loss was every where deplored; — he was mourned throughout the world!

SIR WILLIAM JONES was born in the principality of Wales on the 28th of September, in

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the year 1746. His father, celebrated for his mathematical knowledge, soon discovered the genius of his son, which afterward reached to such perfection. He was accordingly placed at Harrow school, then under the care of the late Dr. Sumner, of classical memory. From thence he went to University College, Oxford, where, on account of the elegance of his compositions, the amiableness of his manners, and the purity of his morals, he soon became the object of admiration. It is, however, confidently said, that he returned again to Harrow in the capacity of tutor to the present Earl Spencer; but that connection was dissolved by a circumstance to which we are indebted for his first appearance in the republic of letters.

When the King of Denmark visited this country, he expressed a wish for a translation of the life of *Kouli Khan* from the Persian language. Mr. Jones undertook and accomplished the task. It was published 1770, in two volumes, quarto, and many copies of the work superbly bound were presented to the King of Denmark, and the nobility of his court. His only remuneration, however, was his admission into the Danish Royal Society! This disappointment made a just impression on his feelings, for he remarks—"It is a melancholy consideration, that the profession of literature, by far the most laborious of any, leads to no real benefit, or true glory whatever. Poetry, science, letters, when they are not made the sole business of life, may become its ornament in prosperity, and its most pleasing consolation in

a change of fortune ; but if a man addicts himself entirely to learning, and hopes by that either to raise a family, or to acquire what so many wish for, and so few ever attain---an honourable retirement in his declining age ; he will find when it is too late that he has mistaken his path, that other labours, other studies, are necessary ; and that unless he can assert his own independence in active life it will avail him little to be favoured by the learned, esteemed by the eminent, or flattered even by kings."

In 1771, he again appeared as the critic, and the linguist, by his publication of a Dissertation on *Eastern Literature* ; and this work was soon followed by a Persian Grammar, which passed through repeated editions. In 1772, also, he brought out *Poetical Translations* from the Asiatic, with an *Essay on the Arts, commonly called Imitative*, and another *Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations*.

About this period our author was admitted of the society of the Middle Temple, and took the degree of Master of Arts in the university of Oxford. From this period his whole time became occupied by the study of the law ; indeed, when called to the bar, he prosecuted the duties of the profession with unremitting attention. He attended the courts of Westminster, and the Oxford circuit ; his success, however, was not equal to his expectations. He also offered himself to represent the university of Oxford in parliament, in the year 1780, but he was doomed to experience a disappointment.

In 1781, Sir William published his famous Essay on the *Law of Bailments*, which occasioned the following compliment from the pen of Gibbon.---“ Sir William Jones has given an ingenious and rational essay on the *Law of Bailments*; he is, perhaps, the only lawyer who is at once acquainted with the year-books of Westminster; the commentaries of Ulpian; the attic-pleadings of Isæus; and the sentences of Persian and Arabian cadhis.”

Nor must we forget to add, that Sir William Jones was a zealous advocate for reform in parliament. In behalf of this, his favourite topic, he delivered a speech to the meeting, held on the 28th of May, 1782, at the London Tavern, universally commended for liberality of sentiment. He was also about this period elected member of the Constitutional Society. His definition of the term *constitution*, given in his letter to the secretary of that institution, is deserving of attention.---“ It is,” says he, “ the great system of public, in contradiction to private and criminal law, which comprises all those articles which Blackstone arranges in his first volume under the *Rights of Persons*, and of which he gives a perspicuous analysis. Whatever, then, relates to the *rights of persons*, either absolute rights, as the enjoyment of liberty, security, and property, or relative, that is, in the public relations of magistrates and people, makes a part of the majestic whole, which we properly call the *constitution*. This constitutional, or public law, is partly unwritten, and grounded upon immemorial usage, and partly written,

or enacted by the legislative power ; but the unwritten or common law, contains the true spirit of our constitution. The written has often most unjustifiably altered the form of it. The common law is the collected wisdom of many centuries, having been used, and approved by successive generations ; but the statutes frequently contain the whims of a few leading men, and sometimes of the mere individuals employed to draw them."

In March, 1783, Sir William was appointed to be judge in the East Indies, when he received the honour of knighthood. Having married at this time Miss Shipley, eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph ; they embarked for Bengal in the course of a few weeks. During the voyage his active mind conceived the plan of the Asiatic Society, whose curious and useful labours have so justly attracted the public attention.

On his arrival at the place of his destination, Sir William Jones applied himself assiduously to the duties of his important station. After a residence of *eleven* years his health was impaired, and he was advised to repair to England. Preparing for his voyage death interposed, and on the 27th of April, 1794, in the 48th year of his age, this great and good man was removed to another and better world.

Lord Teignmouth, in his address to the Asiatic Society, of which Sir William was president, remarks.---" Of the private and social virtues of our lamented president, our hearts are the best records. To you, who knew

him, it cannot be necessary for me to expatiate on the independence of his integrity, his humanity, probity, or benevolence, whilst every living creature participated of the affability of his conversation and manners, or his modest and unassuming deportment. Nor need I remark, that he was totally free from pedantry, as well as from arrogance, and self-sufficiency, which sometimes accompany and disgrace the greatest abilities. His presence was the delight of every society which his conversation exhilarated and improved; and the public have not only to lament the loss of his talents and abilities, but that of his example!"

The author of a delightful poem, entitled *the Powers of Genius*,* likewise thus pronounces his eulogium:---"SIR WILLIAM JONES was a prodigy of genius and erudition. His Asiatic Researches have enlightened the world, and furnished additional evidences to the christian religion. As a poet also his merit is great. His diction is nervous, his imagery splendid. His versification has the sweetness and correctness of Pope. His "Solima," "Palace of Fortune," "Seven Fountains," "Arcadia and Laura," are enchanting performances." Indeed, from a review of the biography of *Sir William Jones*, he appears to have become the object of just and general admiration.

Islington.

J. E.

* For the particulars of this production, see the last page of the wrapper to the present number.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 86.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS;

By Hugh Downman, M. D.

HAVING in our last number finished our sketch of that charming poem, entitled "Infancy," we shall now give the reader an idea of a few poems with which the volume closes. *Peace*, *Genius*, and *Independence*, are their respective titles; they afford passages of considerable merit; our limits, however, will not permit us to take a very minute survey of them.

The poem called *Peace*, contains this pleasing picture of our native isle.—

———— On a thousand hills
Resound thy lowing herds; thy rivers bear
With pain the load of commerce, and thy towns
Receive the tribute of remotest lands:—
Here either India's bounteous gifts are spread—
Here the collected wealth of every clime!

The *miseries of war* are thus strongly depicted, by the delineation of a conquered nation; they are drawn with a masterly hand.—

Where is thy robe of triumph now? the robe
Of purple grain which o'er thy glittering arms
Thou wont to cast? Why at thy feet reclines
That dented shield? What means the broken spear,
And edgeless sword, beside thee placed? Why sinks
Thy downward eye, as if ashamed to view
Yon ruin'd trophy? Where is now thy pomp?

Thy glory's radiance ? Where the flattering hopes
Of conquest and invasion ?——

Where are thy crowded fleets, by the bright plumes,
Of golden commerce, fam'd from shore to shore ?
Why scouls around thy land where plenty smil'd,
The meagre form of nerveless poverty ?

The poet then breaks out in more *positive*
and *decided* language.—

Such are the fruits of dire ambition---such
The baneful gifts of war, before whose face
Gliding pleasing phantasms, fair delusion's dreams,
Of sure success, and splendid victories won !
False glitter all ! behind strides horror pale,
And ghastly fell despair, whose murderous hand
Seeks his own life ; famine, with hollow eyes,
And body wasted to the bone, inwrapp'd
In storms and whirlwinds, whose resistless force
O'erwhelms whole provinces, and bares the earth,—
Sweeps desolation, miseries worse than death !
The cries of orphans, suffering matrons' groans ;
Anxieties, and griefs immense ; woes more
Than language can describe, or fiction frame !

The *bowers of peace* are thus most poetically
described :—

———— May I dare

Enter these bless'd retreats, where fancy sees
At every turn ideal beings move,
Exceeding human far ! here stalks along,
Musing, and solemn, Contemplation slow ;
Cross'd are his arms, his stedfast looks are bent
Inward, and wrapt he seems in extasy.
There sits Philosophy, his wrinkled front,
And hoary head, proclaim him old ; but young
And vigorous is his mind, and active soars
Amid the stars : here virtue walks array'd
In dignity, august, yet simply grand,
Unstudied of attire ; on either side
Two sweet companions, Modesty the one,
Of blushing cheek, the other Innocence,

Known by her spotless zone. The smiling form
 Of boon content, lock'd hand in hand with health,
 Speeds o'er the level surface of the green.
 Here fairy fiction weaves her painted state,
 The colours from the bright ethereal woof,
 Of variegated Iris, taken. Here
 The muses daily sing, and all night long
 Ceaseless entwine the many sounding threads
 Of harmony !

The piece on *Genius* is short, but impressive ;
 the poet exclaims—

————— How rarely shines reveal'd
 His dazzling aspect ! In four thousand years,
 One Homer, and one Shakespeare, have arisen.
 Virgil himself is but of second rate
 Compar'd with them. One Newton time hath seen
 In his vast journey. Yet the scale abounds
 With numerous gradations. Even in its birth
 Genius may be extinguished by disease,
 Strangled by poverty, sunk in the dust
 By stern oppression, or by indolence
 Curs'd with perpetual barrenness of mind.
 But give the tone of brain, the nerves which bear
 Faithful impressions strong---give the mild sun
 Of opportunity to dart its rays--
 Give leisure, curious search the strenuous thought
 Aiming at worth superlative---give time,
 Which solely perfects wisdom, and the form
 Of GENIUS will arise on eagle wing
 To soar to heaven, or with a lynx's eye
 To penetrate the abyss---to associate all
 The charms of beauty, grasp the true sublime,
 Add novel tints to fancy's rain bow dress,
 Or separate the clouds by error spread,
 Till all the gloom is vanquish'd, and the light
 Of intellectual day wide-blazing streams !

From the piece on *Independence*, a few lines
 shall be taken which will give the reader an
 idea of its merits ; the bard had been stating

the nature of the independence after which he aspires.

Yet, GODDESS! would I not austere dwell
A solitary being. While I trample
Malice, and spleen, and pride, beneath my feet,
The good, the just, nay e'en the rich and great,
If rich in virtue, and if great of soul,
Claim, and shall have, my reverence. They are form'd
For all mankind—I own them form'd for me,
Nor would I boast of *independence* here!

Thus have we run through the elegant and spirited productions of Dr. Downman, who, we understand, is a respectable physician in the West of England. Many poems claim no higher praise than that of giving pleasure; but the performance before us conveys no small portion of instruction. To such publications we cannot refuse our approbation. The circulation of such pieces augments and heightens the blessings of civilization.

J. E.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON CONJUGAL FELICITY.

WE have no reason to doubt but marriage was instituted by the Almighty for the happiness of mankind. Solitude was not congenial with their disposition; for their Creator said, "It is not good for man to be alone." The powers of the human mind, as well as the organ of speech require some kind of society, and it is very certain that dumb animals are in-

adequate to afford the assistance to man which he requires. A kindred mind was therefore absolutely needful for his comfort : one in whom he could confide, and into whose bosom he might reposit his various cares and anxieties : that he might receive the proofs of the most cordial affection, and learn to praise his bountiful Benefactor. Thus it evidently appears, that conjugal attachments were designed by God himself, and that no decrees of any council ought to institute laws against marriage. We may likewise enforce its propriety from the propagation of the human race. If man were to exclude himself from society, how could he answer the end of his creation ?

We have occasion to lament, that attachments have been formed not conducive to the happiness of man. Rashness has involved individuals into much misery : and how could it be otherwise, when the best of motives have been neglected ? Sordid interest has frequently joined those together who were never calculated to make each other happy. If the temper be not consulted, in the most sacred of all ties, there cannot be any happiness expected. Dr. Watts, in his lyric poems, beautifully expresses the idea :

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind,
For love abhors the sight :
Loose the fierce tyger from the deer,
For native rage, and native fear,
Rise and forbid delight.

Much less ought any irregular desire to be

the moving cause of marriage ; but it is much to be feared that it is frequently the case.

When we look abroad into the world, we see awful instances of matrimonial misery. Honorio was blessed with the advantages of a good education. His temper from a child has been mild to an extreme. Piety took possession of his breast at an early period. He has gained by his affability of disposition a number of friends. In company a peculiar sweetness of spirit discovers itself, and he cannot bear the malevolence of slanderers. Being fond of retirement he delights in sequestered scenes. Having seen the vanity of life, and the deception of mankind, he withdraws his attachment from this world, and seeks happiness in true religion.

Honorio is not to be viewed as free from imperfections, and he considers himself as liable to err ; but still he maintains an uniform character. He formed an attachment in early life, rather too immature, for a certain female, who has blessed him with a lovely offspring ; but in her temper and disposition he has reason to lament too much asperity, so that his golden hours of life have been clouded. She is not endowed with that blessed sensibility which feels for another's woe, and to all the incivility attached to her character, she has imbibed a degree of enthusiasm. Honorio appears to be very indulgent, and makes in general every allowance for indiscretion ; but still his partner in life is not softened, and treats his kindness and attention with contempt. She sometimes

indulges a mistrustful disposition, and when Honorio is free in company, thinks innocent liberty criminal. Thus his most intimate friends are grieved to see him dragging through life a companion not suited to his disposition, and who must disturb in a measure that unanimity of temper which generally pervades his mind. They conceive that contradiction is not pleasant in one, who ought to consider that submission and attention are due to an affectionate husband. Honorio is beyond a doubt to be very much pitied, and he is exposed to great misery if Religion did not afford her kind assistance ; but from her genial influence he bears his trial with patience and resignation.

How miserable must be the case of those, who, possessed of savage manners, are always wretched, and a torment to each other. If we wish to see a picture of the infernal regions, it may be seen in the habitations of those who spend the greatest part of their time in aggravating each other. Where no concessions are made, but all is rancour, malice, and ill will. From such abodes we willingly depart, and visit with pleasure the dwellings of the virtuous, who are united by the bonds of cordial affection. Thomson, in his Seasons, beautifully draws their character in these sublime expressions :

But happy they ! the happiest of their kind !
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend !
'Tis not the courser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That bends their peace, but harmony itself,

Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Few attachments can answer the description of the poet, yet they are to be found in human life. Fidelio is possessed of a good share of sense. His temper is mild and obliging. He appears formed for the sweets of domestic life. He likes retirement, and therefore keeps at home, unless something of importance calls him abroad. He is punctual to all his engagements, and therefore bears the character of a man of integrity. He is strictly religious, but not enthusiastic. He is blessed with a beloved partner, and rising offspring. Constantia is amiable in her manners, and does all in her power to make Fidelio happy. She loved him, or else she would never have given him her hand. Esteem was the foundation of their attachment, and the longer they live together the more they love each other. Fidelio only looks, and Constantia is all obedience. He intimates his pleasure, and the least reluctance to comply with it is not discovered. Home is always agreeable, and Constantia sees all the world in her beloved partner. She is afraid at times of losing him. Any indisposition, therefore, alarms her. Her happiness is so far centered in him, that she is sensible that she would be wretched all her days without him. He talks at times of going to the West Indies, as he has some impor-

tant business to transact, she readily consents to accompany him, for she knows that nothing but death ought to part them. No difficulties from the sea can therefore prevent her from accompanying him to the most distant parts of the earth. Fidelio was once reduced in his circumstances, but Constantia loved him as much as ever. She consoled him in his misfortunes, and was willing to go to prison with him. In prosperity she is not elated, nor does she aim at the pride of life; she is decent in her dress, but not extravagant; generous, but not profuse. Providence has blessed this happy pair with children, who are pledges of their love. Constantia teaches "the young idea how to shoot." She sets before their eyes the best examples, and therefore hears them read of the most virtuous characters in life. Piety, free from ostentation, is predominant in her general deportment. She spends the morning in devotional exercises, and walks in the open air for her health, and therefore rises early, at the hour of prime, "to mark how spring the tented plants, how blow the citron grove, what drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed; how nature paints her colours, how the bee sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

May we not conclude, that such an happy pair, after they have parted from each other by death, will meet in heaven to part no more? and that if all who are married were of the same disposition, each house would be the temple of concord, and anticipate the mansions of blessedness? How needful is it, therefore, that

all who enter into the sacred bands of connubial engagements, would seriously consider the requisites for happiness in the marriage state; for this is the way to prevent misery, and to ensure themselves permanent comfort. Parents, and guardians, likewise, should be cautious how interest and partiality blind them in the disposal of their trust, as they will certainly answer for their conduct another day. Those who are united in the most sacred of all ties, ought to do all in their power to make each other happy, and consider in every thing they say what may be agreeable, that by their words and actions they may promote their present and future welfare.

Hereford, April 6,
1804.

T. M.

DEATH OF DR. PRIESTLEY.

THIS distinguished literary character is now no more; whatever his political principles were, and from whatever motive he supported them, whether from a firm conviction that he was right, or in order to espouse the cause of a particular party, we shall not here attempt to decide; but it must be confessed, that he was a man who possessed talents of a superior description, and his literary labours will be considered as a rich legacy to posterity.

The following account of his dissolution will, we trust, prove an interesting article to our readers.

Extract of a Letter from Thomas Cooper, Esq. of Northumberland, to James Woodhouse, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, Feb. 6.

“YOUR old friend, Dr. Priestley, died this morning without pain, at eleven o'clock. He would have been 71 had he lived till the 24th of next month. He continued composed and cheerful to the end. He had been apprised of his dissolution for some days.”

EXTRACT FROM A COMMUNICATION IN
THE PHILADELPHIA GAZETTE.

“Since his illness at Philadelphia, in the year 1801, he never regained his former good state of health. His complaint was constant indigestion, and a difficulty of swallowing food of any kind.—But during this period of general debility, he was busily employed in printing his Church History, and the first volume of his Notes on the Scriptures, and in making new and original experiments. During this period, likewise, he wrote his pamphlet of Jesus and Socrates compared, and re-printed his Essay on Phlogiston.

“From about the beginning of November, 1803, to the beginning of January, 1804, his complaint grew more serious; yet, by judicious medical treatment, and strict attention to diet, he, after some time, seemed, if not gaining strength, at least not getting worse; and his friends fondly hoped that his health would continue to improve as the season advanced. He, however, considered his life as very preca-

rious. Even at this time, besides his miscellaneous reading, which was at all times very extensive, he read through all the works quoted in his "Comparison of the different Systems of Grecian Philosophers with Christianity;" composed that work, and transcribed the whole of it, in less than three months; so that he has left it ready for the press. During this period, he composed, in one day, his Second Reply to Dr. Lynn.

"In the last fortnight of January, his fits of indigestion became more alarming, his legs swelled, and his weakness increased. Within two days of his death he became so weak that he could walk but a little way, and that with great difficulty; for some time he found himself unable to speak; but on recovering himself a little, he told his friends that he had never felt more pleasantly during his whole lifetime, than during the time he was unable to speak. He was fully sensible that he had not long to live; yet talked with cheerfulness to all who called on him. In the course of the day, he expressed his thankfulness at being permitted to die quietly, in his family, without pain, and with every convenience and comfort that he could wish for. He dwelt upon the peculiarly happy situation in which it had pleased the Divine Being to place him in life, and the great advantage he had enjoyed in the acquaintance and friendship of some of the best and wisest men of the age in which he lived, and the satisfaction he derived from having led an useful as well as happy life. He this day gave direc-

tions about printing the remainder of his Notes on Scripture; (a work in the completion of which he was much interested), and looking over the first sheet of the third volume, after it was corrected by those who were to attend to its completion, he expressed his satisfaction at the manner of its being executed.

"On Sunday the 5th, he was much weaker, but sat up in an arm-chair for a few minutes. He desired that John, chap. xi. might be read to him; he stopped the reader at the 45th verse, dwelt for some time on the advantage he had derived from reading the Scriptures daily, and recommended this practice, saying, that it would prove a source of the purest pleasure. "We shall all," said he, "meet finally; we only require different degrees of discipline suited to our different tempers, to prepare us for final happiness."--Mr. coming into his room, he said---"You see, Sir, I am still living." Mr. observed, "that he would always live." "Yes, I *believe* I *shall*; we shall meet again in another and a better world." He said this with great animation, laying hold of Mr.'s hand in both his own. After evening prayers, when his grand-children were brought to his bed-side, he spoke to them separately, and exhorted them to continue to love each other, &c. "I am going," added he, "to sleep as well as you, for death is only a good long sound sleep in the grave, and we shall meet again."

"On Monday morning, the 9th of February, on being asked how he did, he answered in a

faint voice, that he had no pain, but appeared fainting away gradually. About eight o'clock, he desired to have three pamphlets which had been looked out by his directions the evening before. He then dictated as clearly and distinctly as he had ever done in his life, the additions and alterations which he wished to have made in each. Mr. ---- took down the substance of what he said, which was read to him. He observed, "Sir, you have put in your own language, I wish it to be mine." He then repeated over again, nearly word for word, what he had before said, and when it was transcribed, and read over to him, he said, "That is right, I have now done."

"About half an hour after, he desired that he might be removed to a cot. About ten minutes after he was removed to it, he died; but breathed his last so easily, that those who were sitting close to him did not immediately perceive it. He had put his hand to his face, which prevented them from observing it.

"He was born March 24, 1733."

CHARACTER OF LAURA;

From Mrs. Pilkington's Original Work on FEMALE BIOGRAPHY, just published.

TME, which destroys the effect of most things, has not lessened the interest which this beautiful and amiable female excites in the heart; and, though upwards of six hundred years have elapsed since Laura was in exist-

ence, yet, from Petarch's description of her virtues, we seem to participate in his regard; and take as lively a concern in the attachment she excited, as if we had witnessed the circumstances which he so affectingly describes. From the few particulars which have been collected from the archives of the house of Sadi, it appears that Laura was the daughter of a chevalier, whose name was Audibert de Noves; that the house of Noves held the first rank in the place where they resided, and that Noves, a town of Provence, was called after their name. Laura, when a mere child, was contracted to Hughes de Sadi, a gentleman of large fortune, and many years older than herself, whose family was originally of Avignon, and held all the important posts in that place. From a variety of circumstances, it appears that this match did not prove fortunate; the temper of Laura's husband was gloomy and severe, and little calculated to make an impression on a being possessed of the most delicate mind. The charms of her person were so attractive, that it requires the pen of a poet to paint them; I shall, therefore, give my readers the description in Petrarch's words, such as she was when he first beheld her, as she was going to St. Claire's church:---"She was dressed," says he, "in green, and her gown was embroidered with violets; and her face, her air, her gait, were something more than mortal; her person was delicate, her eyes tender and sparkling, and her eye-brows as black as jet. Her locks waved over her shoulders, whiter than the

driven snow, and the ringlets were interwoven by the fingers of love. Her neck was beautifully formed, and her complexion animated by the tints of nature, which art in vain attempts to imitate. As she opened her mouth, you perceived the beauty of pearls and the sweetness of roses—she was full of graces. Nothing was ever so soft as her looks—so modest as her carriage—so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of gaiety and tenderness breathed around her, yet so purely and happily tempered, as to inspire every beholder with sentiments of virtue; for she was as chaste as the spangled dew-drop of the morn:” Such was the lovely being which made the first impression upon the heart of Petrarch, and which he cherished with enthusiastic fondness through life. The biographer of this celebrated poet tells us, that he likewise had received a dangerous present from the hand of nature, for that his figure was so distinguished, that he was universally admired. In his portrait, he is represented with large and manly features, eyes full of expression and fire, a blooming and clear complexion, and a countenance that bespoke all the genius and fancy that shone so conspicuous in his works. He possessed an understanding penetrating and active, and an imagination ever alive; his heart was candid and benevolent, his sentiments were noble, tender, and sublime; yet his temper was warm, his passion unruly, and it required all the delicacy and prudence of Laura to keep them under control. From the moment he beheld this in-

teresting and accomplished female, an attachment, the most tender, took possession of his heart, which was strengthened by the delicacy of her ideas, and the purity of her sentiments; and he frequently declared, that it was the angelic soul of Laura which he adored. The moment she discovered the tenderness of his sentiments towards her, she no longer treated him with the freedom of a friend; for being well acquainted with the impetuosity of his passions, she found it necessary to check them by an appearance of distance and reserve. Wherever Laura went, Petrarch pursued her, and this conduct determined her never to go out unveiled; in a variety of sonnets he complains of this severity, and accused her of rigid cruelty in wearing this veil. This coldness on the part of Laura, prevented Petrarch from ever wounding her ear by a declaration of his passion, though it was displayed in every action of his life. "I bless the happy moment," says he, "that directed my heart to Laura. She led me to see the path of virtue, to detach my heart from base and groveling objects; from her I am inspired with that celestial flame which raises my soul to heaven, and directs it to the supreme Cause, as the only source of happiness." Circumstanced as this amiable young woman was, it was necessary for her to act with the greatest delicacy; united to a man who was incapable of appreciating her worth, and beloved by one whose attractive qualities excited an interest in every heart. That she felt the liveliest friendship for Petrarch, does

not admit of a doubt ; but so completely was she aware of the critical situation she was placed in, that she treated him with indifference whilst she could not restrain her regard. Wounded by a conduct, which he thought he did not merit, he determined to try whether change of place would drive her image from his mind. " It is now seven years," says he, " that I have sighed night and day for Laura, yet have no hope of ever being able to touch her heart." So violent was his passion for this incomparable woman, that it interrupted his studies, and put a stop to his literary pursuits ; in vain his friends pointed out the impropriety of his attachment for a married woman, condemned his folly, and reprobated his love. His health at length was materially injured by the agitation of his feelings ; the coldness of Laura enervated his frame, and he called upon death as the only relief for his misery ; for tho' he quitted Avignon in compliance with her injunctions, her form haunted his imagination wherever he went. Men of the first distinction courted his society ; wherever he appeared he was universally admired, not only for the superiority of his abilities, but for the amiable propensities of his heart. Upon returning to Avignon, his altered appearance affected her, and she treated him with less rigour and reserve, ; and in a sonnet which is thus translated, he describes the effect which this behaviour produced in his mind." " You could not behold the image of death stamped on my countenance without emotions of compassion : a

kind regard, a word dictated by friendship, has once more restored me to life. That I yet breathe, is your precious gift. Dispose of me then, for you are the reviver of my soul. You alone, beautiful Laura, possess the keys of my heart." Laura certainly wished to be beloved by Petrarch, but with such refinement and chastity, that he should never mention his flame; and whenever, even in indirect terms, he did so, she punished his temerity by resentment and reserve. In the first stage of their intimacy, she had not an idea of the ardor of his attachment; she was pleased with his conversation, delighted with the delicacy of his remarks, but when with trembling accents he presumed to touch upon the tenderness he felt towards her, she emphatically said:—"Petrarch, I am not, I assure you, the person you supposed;" after which she forbid him her presence, which produced the effect which has been described. At length he determined to nourish his passion in privacy, and to avoid all intercourse with mankind; and for this purpose he retired to a small cottage in the neighbourhood of Vaucluse, where he devoted his time to literary occupations, when he could drive the image of Laura from his mind. "I hide myself," says he, in a letter to Cardinal Colonna, among the rocks and woods, but there are no places so wild and solitary where the torments of love cannot intrude. Thrice, in that dark and lonely hour, when nought but ghastly shades are seen, Laura with stedfast look approached my couch, and claimed her love. My limbs

froze with fear, my blood fled from my veins and rushed impetuously towards my heart; trembling, I rose, and left my house; I climbed the rocks, and rushed into the woods, still this alarming vision pursued my steps." This dream, or vision, for a length of time made a strong impression upon Petrarch's imagination, as he fancied it foretold the death of her who was so dear to his heart; but at length he emerged from his retirement, in compliance with the earnest intreaties of his friends. But in vain they endeavoured to direct his attention from Laura; St. Augustine, in particular, represented his passion as degrading to such a mind, which was capable of soaring to the greatest sublimity; but to these arguments he made the following reply:—"Learn that it is not the person of Laura that enslaves me, but the divine purity of her soul; her conduct and her manners are an image of the life the blessed lead in heaven. It is to her I owe what I am; never should I have attained my present reputation, if the sentiments with which she inspired me had not called forth those seeds of virtue which nature had planted in my soul. She drew me out of those snares and precipices into which the ardor of youth had plunged me, and pointed out the path to heaven." Such was the woman who inspired Petrarch with affection, and it is from his description that we are able to judge of the purity of her mind—a mind that was fraught with every perfection, yet whose lot was peculiarly unfortunate in life. It has before been observed, that she

married at a very early period, but the man to whom she was united was undeserving such a prize: and though she bestowed the greatest care upon the education of her children, they made an ill return for her tenderness and regard. Her eldest son, who has been represented as a young man of the most promising abilities, she had the misfortune to lose at the time when they began to be disclosed; and her heart was deeply wounded by the misconduct of one of her daughters, who deviated from that delicacy for which her mother was so much admired. Modesty seems to have been the peculiar characteristic virtue in Laura's character, united to an innate dignity of mind; for it was not only towards Petrarch that she was reserved in her behaviour, but to the generality of mankind. She is represented as being peculiarly elegant in her manner of adorning her person, though her mind was too much elevated to study the arts of dress; yet a natural taste seemed to direct her every action, which rendered her superior to the generality of her sex. "Rank, pearls, rubies, and gold, you reject," says Petrarch, "as weights which depress the vigour of the mind; and even the rare gem of beauty is only pleasing to you when adorned by virtue, that superior treasure of them all." An old lady happened to say, in the presence of Laura, that "she thought life preferable to honour." "What is it I hear?" exclaimed this incomparable woman, "reverse the order and then you will be right, without honour there can be no true happiness, either in this or a future life."

At the period of Laura's existence the education of women was little attended to, they were actually considered as learned if they knew how to read and write; but nature in Laura had supplied this deficiency, and given an elevated turn to her mind. It is impossible to retrace the circumstances attached to her history, without feeling our hearts sympathize in the sorrows with which she was oppressed; her spirits sunk under the various distresses which surrounded her, and, in the prime of life, they produced an evident effect upon her health. Sinking under the misery which arose from an unhappy marriage, wounded by the improper conduct of her children, for whom she felt the tenderest regard; pained at beholding the violent attachment of a man from whom she could not withhold her esteem and affection, what an accumulation of distresses must have agitated her heart. Her life was spent in one uniform course of religious and moral duties; she seldom mixed in the customary amusements of the place; for the grief which inwardly preyed upon her feelings made her prefer solitude to mixing with the world. She resided chiefly at a small house in the suburbs of Avignon, which was built in the Gothic style; there was a seat before the door, and it was the custom for people of the first fashion to sit upon it, for the benefit and refreshment of the air. There would Laura pass whole hours in a pensive posture, reflecting upon the misfortunes she was destined to endure; and Petrarch, who knew the time de-

voted to these meditations, generally contrived to pass whilst she was there. It has been observed, that the intreaties of Petrarch's friends drew him from retirement; he quitted both Avignon and Vacluse, his friendship was courted by men of the first distinction, and he was honoured with the esteem both of the cardinals and the pope. After visiting a variety of different places, he stopped at Verona, where he heard the alarming intelligence of the plague raging violently at the place where the object of his affection dwelt, the most alarming apprehensions haunted his imagination, which was increased when he reflected upon the delicate state of her health. "Formerly," says he, in a letter to his friend, "I often saw Laura in my visions, and her angelic form used to console my mind; but now her presence overwhelms me with sorrow, and leaves me in a state of wretchedness impossible to describe. Conceive what I suffer when I fancy she thus addresses me: 'Petrarch, you will never behold me again upon earth!' Shall I only learn from dreams the sad fate of my Laura? and must she herself be the person by whom it is announced? No, it cannot be; heaven and nature forbid! I trust I shall again behold that charming countenance which is at once my support and joy. Yet if it be true that Laura has fled to heaven, may the day that I hear it be the last of my life. Uncertain of her state, I sigh, I write, I fear, I hope: alas! I know not what to think: this uncertainty agitates me without ceasing; my soul floats be-

tween hope and fear." These dreadful presages, which tortured the mind of Petrarch, were on the 6th of April increased by a still more alarming vision, which completely confirmed the apprehensions he had entertained; the account of which I shall transcribe for my readers in his own impressive words.—" Aurora had dispersed that thick darkness which renders the visions of the night confused, and a blush of the softest crimson began to enlighten the east, when I saw a beautiful female advancing towards me, whose appearance was like that of the spring, and her head was crowned with oriental pearls. She had quitted a group of females crowned like herself, and as she drew near me, she sighed, and stretched out that hand which had so long been the object of my wishes. Her presence, and such an extraordinary mark of kindness, diffused through my soul an inexpressible delight. 'Do you recollect her, who, by engaging the affections of your youth,' said she, 'conducted you from the common road of life?' Whilst she spoke these words, which were accompanied with an air of earnestness and modesty, she sat down under a laurel by the side of a brook, and desired me to place myself by her side. 'Not know you, my good angel!' I replied, whilst the tears flowed rapidly from my eyes; 'but tell me, I beseech you, whether you are in life, or death?' 'In life; 'tis you who are in death, and so you must remain, till the time shall come when you must quit the world: but we have much to say, and little time for our interview;

the day approaches, therefore be brief.' Upon my expressing the most pungent sorrow at hearing she was no more; 'Petrarch,' said she, 'you will never be happy so long as you are governed by the prejudices of the world. My death, which causes you so much affliction, would be a source of pure delight, could you but know the smallest part of my bliss!' As she spake these words, her eyes were lifted towards heaven, and filled with the tenderest emotions of gratitude. 'To the spotless soul,' continued she, 'death is the deliverance from a darksome prison; it is an evil only to those who are wallowing in the mire of the world.' 'But the tortures,' I replied, 'which barbarous tyrants, like Nero, Caligula, Mezencius, &c. &c. have inflicted, these exhibit death clothed with terrors.' 'It is not to be denied,' said she, 'that death is sometimes accompanied with pains that are severe; but remember that the severest pains which can surround a death-bed are the fears of an eternal punishment; for if the soul can trust itself upon God, and place an entire confidence in him, death is no more than a sigh, or a short passage from one life to another.' I was overwhelmed with sorrow, and ready to sink under my sensations, when I heard a low and mournful voice utter these words. 'This poor mortal is attached to the present life; yet he lives not, neither is he at peace with himself; he is devoted to the world, and shall for ever remain the slave to his devotion; the world is the sole object of his thoughts, his words, and his writ-

ings!' I immediately recollected a voice which had so often been my consolation, and on turning my eyes to the place from whence it came, I discovered that it had proceeded from this angelic form. 'In the flower of my youth,' said she, 'when you loved me most fondly, and when life was dressed out in all her charms, then was it bitter, compared with the sweetness which at present I enjoy; I experienced more happiness at the transition which has taken place in my nature, than an exile returning to his native country ever felt; there was but one thing which afflicted me, which was, that I was moved with compassion towards you.' 'Oh!' I replied, 'in the name of that truth, by which you were governed while you dwelt upon earth, and which you now more clearly distinguish, in the bosom of him, to whom all beings are known, I conjure you to tell me whether love gave birth to this compassion? for those rigours, tempered by softness, kept my heart in constant anxiety and doubt.' 'You have ever,' said she, with a sigh, 'possessed my affections; but I was obliged to temper the violence of passion by the movements of your countenance. Petrarch (I have often said) does not love, but he burns with a violent passion, which I must endeavour to regulate, though alas! the task was hard; and a thousand times has my countenance been lighted up with anger, whilst my heart glowed with love and esteem. When I beheld you cast down with sorrow, I gave you a look of consolation; when I saw you pale and dejected, my looks

were still more kind ; yet sometimes you were like a fiery horse, which requires management ; and such has been the innocent artifice I practised towards you, to preserve my honour without stain.' ' Oh !' exclaimed I, in faltering accents, ' such sentiments, could I believe them, would amply recompence me for all I have endured.' ' Faithless man !' said she, rather angrily, ' what motive can I have for this declaration, but to account for that distance and reserve of which you have so often complained ? In every thing else we were agreed, and honour and virtue were the bonds of our regard. But the morning is far advanced, the sun is emerging from the ocean, and it is with regret I tell you we must part : if you have any thing more to say, be expeditious, and regulate your words by the few moments which remain.' I had only time to say, ' My sufferings are fully recompensed.' and to ask whether she believed I should follow her soon ? The angelic form was already in motion, but turning towards me, she said, ' If I am not mistaken, you will remain a long time upon earth." It is impossible to conceive a more trying situation than that of Petrarch : all communications with Avignon had been stopped by the plague, and it was not until the month of May that he heard the melancholy intelligence that Laura had expired at the very hour that he had this extraordinary dream. She was taken ill on the 3d of April, with a violent fever and spitting of blood, and being persuad-

ed that she should not recover, she took the sacrament, and made her will upon the same day, and waited for that summons which was to dissolve all earthly connexions, with a composure that evinced the purity of her life. Nothing can be a stronger proof of the esteem which her virtues excited, than her friends and relations gathering round her, when she was at the point of death, and testifying their grief and attachment, at the hazard of their own healths. The generality of those who were attacked by this cruel disorder were left by their nearest connexions the moment they were taken ill; but so completely had this incomparable woman won the hearts of all who knew her, that her friends never quitted her till her soul had taken its flight to receive the reward of those amiable qualities, which adorned and dignified her mind. Laura expired April the 6th, 1348, and was buried the same evening in the chapel de la Croix, which had been built by her husband some years before.

ACCOUNT OF GENERAL MOREAU.

(Concluded from page 292.)

DURING the greatest part of 1798, Moreau lived retired, and in disgrace. His active mind was, however, not without employment: he partly occupied himself with writing

the particulars of his own campaigns, and partly in reading the memoirs of other great generals. Buonaparte was at this time the favourite with the Directory, the army, and the people; but such were his base jealousy and shameful ingratitude towards General Moreau, to whose reinforcements, sent to Italy in the winter, 1796, he owed all his late success, that he neither once spoke in his favour to Barras, as Moreau desired him, nor returned the visit Moreau paid him before his departure to Egypt.

General Moreau revenged himself nobly for this insolent neglect; for after the victory of Lord Nelson, on the 1st of August, 1798, when Buonaparte was unable to return as soon as he had intended, Madame Buonaparte was reduced to such great distress, as even to pawn her jewels. Her situation was reported to Moreau, who sent her 100,000 livres by a stranger, upon her bond only; and Buonaparte had been the First Consul for upwards of twelve months, before he knew to whom he was indebted for this act of generosity, and it was then only discovered by the indiscretion of Moreau's friend.

In the winter of 1798, when the Directory apprehended that hostilities would recommence with Austria, Moreau was sent as inspector-general to the army of Italy, under the command of General Scherer: an inferior station for a person of Moreau's merit and rank; but he has more than once proved himself, both before and since, to be above punctilios, when his country was in danger, and he could serve or save it.

On the 18th of April, the Russian auxiliaries, commanded by Field-marshal Suwarow, joined the Austrians at Verona. Suwarow had risen from the ranks, through all the intermediate gradations, to that of general in chief, and brought with him a reputation established by more than fifty victorious campaigns. A short time before his arrival in Italy, the French had again been defeated by General Kray near Maguan, and by Count De Bellegarde in the Tyrol. It was at this period that Scherer, overwhelmed with the curses of the allies, and of the troops of France, resigned the command, and Moreau, whose reputation had not been diminished by the late events, was appointed his successor.

This dangerous, but honourable appointment, Moreau accepted, not with any hope to repair the disasters of the beginning of this campaign, because the French Directory furnished him with no means to do it, but, if possible, to stop, prevent, or diminish, the fatal consequences of so many defeats, of so many wants, and of so great a discontent in the ruined army of which he assumed the command.

All military men, Frenchmen, Austrians, and Russians, acknowledge that he here displayed a genius and talents worthy the greatest captain of any age; and it is indeed impossible to refuse him a well deserved admiration, when one considers with what art, ability, and courage, he disputed, at the head of the feeble remnants of an army without pay, without cloathing, without magazines, and without hope

of reinforcements, a country of some few leagues, which all Europe expected would only cost the victorious armies of the combined powers some days marches.

To the united forces of Austria and Russia, Moreau had to oppose only thirty-five thousand men, harassed by continual and severe marches, discouraged and intimidated by recent defeats, and disasters, disaffected, discontented, and mistrustful. A retreat, therefore, became absolutely necessary: Isola, Della, Scala, and Villa Franca, were abandoned in succession; the Mincio was crossed; and the strong fortresses of Peschiera and Mantua being left to their fate, Generals Kray and Klenau formed the blockade of both with a body of twenty-five thousand men.

During the long and hard-fought battle of Cassano, Moreau was every where encouraging his troops with his presence, and inspiring confidence by his example: on that memorable day he rather courted than shunned danger, in hope to restore if not victory to France, at least to lessen the effects of the victory of a too powerful enemy. Moreau had three aides-de-camp killed by his side, two horses wounded, and one horse killed under him, and was slightly wounded himself. This battle decided the fate of the Cisalpine republic, and the next day the allies entered Milan.

After the surrender of Turin, Alexandria, and Mantua, and since the retreat of Macdonald into the Ligurian territory, Suwarow, having now conquered the greater part of

Italy, began to menace the southern departments of France ; but he was kept in check by the army of Moreau, which still occupied its formidable position in the neighbourhood of Genoa ; and although inferior in point of numbers, prevented the advance of his antagonist, by threatening to fall upon his rear.

Moreau, in return for the many and brilliant services which he had rendered his country, received nothing but insults, ingratitude, and neglect, from the French directors, who were as odious for their tyranny as contemptible for their meanness. It was therefore not surprising that he joined Buonaparte to overthrow the directorial government, although he did not quite approve either the manner in which the Corsican usurped power, or the use he made of it after its usurpation. Moreau passed the winter of 1799, at Paris, and was often heard to say, that until an honourable peace had restored the tranquillity and happiness of his countrymen, he would serve any person who should assume or usurp the executive government—either a Robespierre, or a Bourbon ; a Barras, or a Buonaparte ; but peace and order once returned, he would oppose all ambitious intriguers, sansculottes, or princes, directors, or consuls, who abused their power to enslave Frenchmen, and were infamous enough to deprive them of a liberty for which they had been fighting so many years, and for which they had made such numerous sacrifices. Moreau repeated this language in all the societies he frequented ; there is little doubt but that it came

to the knowledge of Buonaparte, and therefore explains a part of his late conduct towards this general.

The plan of the campaign for 1800, was drawn entirely by Moreau. In its outline it did not differ greatly from that of the two preceding campaigns, but the means were more proportionate to the end: it was intended to act with large masses against inferior numbers, and by means of a combined movement with the armies of Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, to end the contest with the capture of Vienna.

Before Moreau left Paris, in the spring of 1800, to take the command of the army, he had obtained permission to pay his addresses to a young, beautiful, rich, and accomplished lady; he declined, however, to celebrate the nuptials, until his victories had procured his country a safe and honourable peace, fearful, as he said, that Mars, *jealous of Venus, should treat him à la Joubert*. After the Convention of Hohenlinden, and when the Austrian and French ministers were negotiating a definitive peace at Luneville, which Moreau, from the known weakness of Austria, believed certain, he went to Paris, and, as an elegant historian has said, he entwined the roses of Hymen with the laurels of Mars.

Proud and vain, from the successes he had met with in all his undertakings, the Buonaparte of the autumn, 1800, was become very different from the Buonaparte whom Moreau left in the spring, agitated by absurd schemes, and

tormented by an ambition which he had but little prospect of gratifying ; he, however, received Moreau as he ought to receive a general to whom he owed every thing. In the presence of all the foreign ambassadors, and of many French generals, he said :—" General Moreau, you have made the campaign of a consummate and great captain, while I have only made the campaign of a young and fortunate man." The truth and justness of this remark, no military man, either of the present or of any future age, can deny.

Moreau had not been married a fortnight before he was obliged to repair to his headquarters, because, precisely three weeks after the Austrian and French Plenipotentiaries had met at Luneville, for the express purpose of renewing the negotiations for peace, a rupture of the armistice took place, and hostilities were once more resorted to. The French, unable to force Austria to a separate treaty, and relying on the ascendancy which they had obtained, determined to recommence the war.

Moreau, therefore, instantly repaired to his headquarters, and published an address to the soldiers, in which he requested them " to exhibit the same gallantry, and the same disregard to the rigours of the season, which they had before displayed, when employed in the defence of Fort Kehl, and the conquest of Holland."

While Augereau, after defeating the raw levies of the Elector of Mentz, was penetrating through Franconia, to communicate with the

commander-in-chief, General Moreau, the latter put himself at the head of the most numerous army that France had ever sent into Germany, and proceeded in quest of the enemy. Their advanced guards encountered each other at Haag, and the Austrians obtained the superiority. The French were beaten at the same time at Rosenheim; an event to be attributed chiefly to the bravery of the troops of the Prince De Condé, in the pay of Great Britain.

The Archduke John, now at the head of the imperial army, being flushed with these unexpected advantages, collected all his forces, and immediately marched in search of the republicans, whom he attacked in three columns with an unusual degree of vigour. The rival armies encountered each other on the 3d of December at seven o'clock in the morning, between the rivers Iser and Inn, on the heights which extend from Bierkrain to Neumark, and near to the very spot where the armistice had been concluded but a short time before.

A variety of circumstances contributed to render this action fatal to the Austrians: and it ought not to be omitted, that a severe fall of snow, early in the morning, prevented that regularity in point of operation which ought always to accompany a combined movement. But although this event deranged the original plan, it in no degree diminished the ardour of the combatants, who seemed insensible to the fury of the elements, so that victory appeared for a long time uncertain on which side she should declare.

But Moreau, who had anticipated the intentions of the Archduke, having ordered General Richepanse to assail the centre column in flank at the moment it commenced an attack, this unexpected evolution produced great confusion; and the left one being pierced nearly at the same time, while that on the right encountered unexpected obstacles, the Imperialists were forced to retire at three o'clock in the afternoon. Moreau, equally dreadful in attack as in retreat, annoyed their march, and hung upon their rear with such perseverance and effect, that they were saved by the approach of night alone, from total destruction.

The battle of Hohenlinden appears to have been one of those calculated to decide the fate of an empire; for the greater part of the baggage, more than eighteen thousand prisoners, and near one hundred pieces of cannon, constituted the trophies of victory; while the enemy fled in disorder beyond the Inn, and carried with them terror and dismay.

As the French were no less fortunate in Italy, the situation of the Austrian monarchy was never so critical, even in the early part of the reign of Maria Theresa, as at this moment; for although the Archduke Charles had been recalled, and new subsidies granted under the name of a loan by Great Britain, had enabled the Emperor to recruit the imperial armies, his fate appeared inevitable. The French, after the splendid victory of Hohenlinden, had, on the 25th of December, crossed the Inn and the Ips, and arriving at Steyer, in Upper Austria,

were within seventeen leagues of Vienna, now menaced by no less than four different generals. The Gallo-Batavian troops, under Augereau, at the same time approached the hereditary states, by coasting along the Danube; Macdonald, in possession of the mountains of the Tyrol, had the option of either descending into Italy or Germany; while Brune blockaded Mantua, and was ready to penetrate into the mountains of Carinthia, with a view to form a junction with Moreau.

Under these circumstances, the imperial cabinet proposed an armistice, which was, on the 25th of December, executed between the Archduke Charles, and General Moreau, at Steyer, and which, according to Moreau's expression, "put it out of the power of the House of Austria to resume hostilities." To procure a suspension of arms of only forty-five days, it was agreed that the Tyrol should be wholly evacuated, and the fortresses of Bruneau and Wurtzburgh delivered up to the French. These conditions were certainly very hard, but they were the forerunners of a general pacification on the continent.

In this short sketch of Moreau's life, a more minute or detailed relation of all his brilliant military operations cannot be expected: what requires volumes to describe, cannot be contained in a few pages.

General Moreau's younger brother is a tribune, and the only person of his family employed under the consular government. As a reward for all his eminent services, General Mo-

reau enjoys no more than the half-pay of other general officers, 12,000 livres, or 500l. sterling; and had he not married a lady with a large fortune, he would be another Cincinnatus, obliged to cultivate his own lands; because, during his many campaigns, and numerous victories, although he sometimes was forced to see and suffer the plunder of some of his generals and officers, he was never accused, nor even suspected to share it with them. On the contrary, he more than once punished with rigour, or degraded with *eclat*, those guilty of committing excesses or vexations, either by arbitrary requisitions, by forced loans, or illegal contributions. In the summer, 1801, he degraded General Vandamme, and sent him to the rear of his army;* and the Chief Commissary, Pommier, who, with Vandamme, had been guilty of exactions and extortions in Suabia, he ordered to be tried before a council of war, which condemned him to be shot.

This upright and generous conduct was a direct reproach to Buonaparte, who not only partook of the plunder with his generals, but distributed amongst them provinces and cities to

* This Vandamme is now one of Buonaparte's favourite generals, and his governor at Lille: he is the son of a barber, and was, before the revolution, condemned to the gallows for house-breaking, and was marked on his shoulders with a hot iron. In 1794, he sent to the guillotine the judge whose humanity had, in 1788, saved his life.

procure plunder;* and neither in Italy, nor in Egypt, were any of his generals punished on this account, although any one of his soldiers who took by force the value of a sixpence, was shot on the spot without a trial.

Moreau was therefore as much respected by his officers as dear to his soldiers; whilst Buonaparte was despised by his officers and detested by his soldiers; and any one who, since the revolution, has studied the contemptible character of modern Frenchmen, by turns elevating vicious and worthless men into power, and sending worth and virtue to the scaffold, finds no contradiction or surprize in seeing an abhor-

* In 1797, Augereau complained to Buonaparte, that by all his campaigns he had not yet made 100,000 crowns: soon after, when the Venetians rose against the French, during Buonaparte's march towards Leoben, Buonaparte sent for Augereau, and told him to bring him his 100,000 crowns, and he would procure him means to gain a million or two. Augereau obeyed, and was made the president over the Military Tribunal erected at Verona to try the insurgents; and of five hundred Venetian nobles accused, only five perished, and of as many clergymen, only eight were shot: the former sold or pawned their estates to save their lives, and the latter sacrificed the treasure of their churches and saints, to avoid martyrdom by French atheists. One of Augereau's mistresses at Paris, Madame Chauvin, wears a diamond cross worth ten thousand Louis d'ors, which formerly belonged to a Madona at Padua.

In three months time Augereau pocketed six millions, of which Buonaparte borrowed one million, which sum, Augereau says, he has forgot to repay.---
Les Nouvelles a la maine Ventose, an xi. No. 5.

red Corsican upon the throne, and a beloved general and Frenchman in obscurity and disgrace.

The writer of this has been Moreau's prisoner and guest; has associated with him in Germany, and in France, at Munich and Stutgard, at Paris and Grosbois; has been at his military parade when attended by all his generals, aides-de-camp, and officers; and at his table when surrounded by elegance, beauty, and fashion: he has seen him in his camps on the Rhine and the Danube, and at his balls and routs at Strasburgh and Paris; and he has always found him the same amiable, agreeable, modest, and unassuming man; although, at all times, in all places, and in all companies, a military enthusiast, whether in the society of ladies, or in a circle of officers, at the head of his table, or at the head of his army, leading his soldiers to battle, or handing a lady to dance; but so lively, amusing, and intermixed with anecdotes, is his conversation, that even French coquets have listened to it in preference to the flattery of their gallants.

To an open and pleasing countenance, he unites soft and insinuating manners; and to the frankness of the soldier, he joins the becoming ease of the courtier, without the licentiousness of the one, or the vices of the other. Frenchmen allow him the liberal good nature of a Turenne, to whom he is compared for his able tactics; and the vigour and patriotism of Henry IV. whom he resembles as a skilful warrior.—They say that in his attacks he is a

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Gustavus Adolphus, and a Condé, and in his retreats a Xenophon and a Belleisle.

All the reproach made against Moreau, even by his enemies, is, that he continued to serve the assassins of a father whom he dearly loved, and his ingratitude towards his friend Pichegru, whom he could not but greatly esteem; but it may be said without fear of contradiction, or charge of partiality, that, with the *single* exception of Pichegru, Moreau is the first, the ablest, and the *purest*, of all the French republican generals, and the one to whom France is the most indebted, because Melas lost the battle of Marengo, whereas Moreau gained the battle of Hohenlinden.*

* It is the opinion of all French generals, that Melas lost the battle of Marengo, but that Buonaparte did not gain it; that Melas was defeated by his own faults, but that Buonaparte was not victorious by his own talents or valour; and that he swindled Italy from Austria by the political incapacity of its commander, as much as by his military ignorance.

When the Austrian general, Count de St. Julian, carried the dishonourable armistice of the 16th of June, 1800, accepted by Melas, to Buonaparte, the present French ambassador in Portugal, Lasnes, with other French generals, shewed Count de St. Julian the French camp; and in passing by two six-pounders, he said to his companions, "Citizens! let us bow to those cannons; they were the only two not in the power of our enemy when the late victory declared itself in our favour." The feelings of the Austrian on this occasion must have been stronger than even the indelicate impudence of the Frenchman. *Histoire secrets de la Bataille de Marengo, par un Chouan, page 12.*

EXTRACTS FROM
YOUNG ON ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

Addressed to the Author of Sir Charles Grandison.

BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.

(Concluded from page 226.)

CHARACTER OF ADDISON.

AMONG the brightest of the moderns, Mr. Addison must take his place. Who does not approach his character with great respect? They who refuse to close with the public in his praise, refuse at their peril. But, if men will be fond of their own opinions, some hazard must be run. He had, what Dryden and Jonson wanted, a warm, and feeling heart; but being of a grave and bashful nature, through a philosophic reserve, and a sort of moral prudery, he concealed it, where he should have let loose all his fire, and have showed the most tender sensibilities of heart. At his celebrated Cato, few tears are shed, but Cato's own; which, indeed, are truly great, but unaffecting, except to the noble few who love their country better than themselves. The bulk of mankind want virtue enough to be touched by them. His strength of genius has reared up one glorious image, more lofty, and truly golden, than that in the plains of Dura, for cool admiration to gaze at, and warm patriotism (how rare!)

to worship; while those two throbbing pulses of the drama, by which alone it is shown to live, terror and pity, neglected through the whole, leave our unmolested hearts at perfect peace. Thus the poet, like his hero, through mistaken excellence, and virtue overstrained, becomes a sort of suicide; and that which is most dramatic in the drama, dies. All his charms of poetry are but as funeral flowers, which adorn; all his noble sentiments but as rich spices, which embalm the tragedy deceased.

CHARACTER OF ADDISON'S CATO.

THERE is this similitude between the poet and the play; as this is more fit for the closet than the stage; so, that shone brighter in private conversation than on the public scene. They both had a sort of local excellency, as the heathen gods a local divinity; beyond such a bound they, unadmired; and these, unadored. This puts me in mind of Plato, who denied Homer to the public; that Homer which when in his closet, was rarely out of his hand. Thus, though Cato is not calculated to signalize himself in the warm emotions of the theatre, yet we find him a most amiable companion, in our calmer delights of recess.

Notwithstanding what has been offered, this, in many views, is an exquisite piece. But there is so much more of art than nature in it, that I can scarce forbear calling it an exquisite piece of statuary.

Where the smooth chisel all its skill has shown,
To soften into flesh the rugged stone,

ADDISON.

That is, where art has taken great pains to labour undramatic matter into dramatic life; which is impossible. However, as it is, like Pygmalion, we cannot but fall in love with it, and wish it was alive. How would a Shakespear or an Otway have answered our wishes? They would have outdone Prometheus, and, with their heavenly fire, have given him not only life, but immortality. At their dramas (such is the force of nature) the poet is out of sight, quite hid behind his Venus, never thought of, till the curtain falls. Art brings our author forward, he stands before his piece; splendidly indeed, but unfortunately; for the writer must be forgotten by his audience during the representation, if for ages he would be remembered by posterity. In the theatre, as in life, delusion is the charm; and we are undelighted, the first moment we are undeceived. Such demonstration have we, that the theatre is not yet opened in which solid happiness can be found by man; because none are more than comparatively good; and folly has a corner in the heart of the wise.

ADDISON, POPE, AND SWIFT.

He has a more refined, decent, judicious, and extensive genius, than Pope, or Swift. To distinguish this triumvirate from each other and, like Newton, to discover the different co-

lours in these genuine and meridian rays of literary light, Swift is a singular wit, Pope a correct poet, Addison a great author. Swift looked on wit as the *jus divinum* to dominion and sway in the world; and considered as usurpation, all power that was lodged in persons of less sparkling understandings. This inclined him to tyranny in wit: Pope was somewhat of his opinion, but was for softening tyranny into lawful monarchy; yet were there some acts of severity in his reign. Addison's crown was elective, he reigned by the public voice:

..... Volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.
VIRGIL.

But as good books are the medicine of the mind, if we should dethrone these authors, and consider them not in their royal, but medicinal capacity, might it not then be said, that Addison prescribed a wholesome and pleasant regimen, which was universally relished, and did much good; that Pope preferred a purgative of satire, which though wholesome, was too painful in its operation; and that Swift insisted on a large dose of ipecacuanha, which, though readily swallowed from the fame of the physician, yet, if the patient had any delicacy of taste, he threw up the remedy, instead of the disease.

DEATH OF THE GOOD MAN.

THE paternal hand of Providence, which sometimes snatches home its beloved children

in a moment, must convince us, that it is a glory of no great consequence to the dying individual; that, when it is granted, it is granted chiefly for the sake of the surviving world, which may profit by his pious example, to whom is indulged the strength and opportunity to make his virtue shine out brightest at the point of death: and, here, permit me to take notice, that the world will, probably, profit more by a pious example of lay-extraction, than by one born of the church; the latter being usually taxed with an abatement of influence by the bulk of mankind: therefore to smother a bright example of this superior good influence, may be reputed a sort of murder injurious to the living, and unjust to the dead.

DEATH OF ADDISON.

SUCH an example have we in Addison; which, though hitherto suppressed, yet, when once known, is insuppressible, of a nature too rare, too striking to be forgotten. For after a long and manly but vain struggle with his distemper, he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life: but with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related, and finely accomplished, yet not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend: he came; but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent: after a decent and proper pause, the youth said, "Dear Sir! you sent for me. I believe, and I hope, that

"you have some commands. I shall hold them most sacred." May distant ages not only hear, but feel the reply! Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, "See in what peace a christian can die." He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired. Through grace divine, how great is man! Through divine mercy, how stingless death! Who would not thus expire?

What an inestimable legacy were those *few dying words* to the youth beloved! What a glorious supplement to his own valuable fragment on the truth of Christianity! What a full demonstration, that his fancy could not feign beyond what his virtue could reach. For when he would strike us most strongly with the grandeur of Roman magnanimity, his dying hero is ennobled with this sublime sentiment.

While yet I live, let me not live in vain.

CATO.

But how much more sublime is that sentiment when realized in life; when dispelling the languors, and appeasing the pains of a last hour; and brightening with illustrious action the dark avenue, and all-awful confines of an eternity? When his soul scarce animated his body, strong faith, and ardent charity, animated his soul into divine ambition of saving more than his own. It is for our honour and our advantage to hold him high in our esteem; for the better men are, the more they will admire him; and the more they admire him, the better they will be.

By undrawing the long-closed curtain of his

death-bed, have I not showed you a stranger in him whom you knew so well? Is not this of your favourite author,

..... Nota major imago? VIRG.

His compositions are but a noble preface; the grand work is his death: that is a work which is read in heaven: how has it joined the final approbation of angels to the previous applause of men? how gloriously has he opened a splendid path, through fame immortal, into eternal peace? How has he given religion to triumph amidst the ruins of his nature? and, stronger than death, risen higher in virtue, when breathing his last.

CLOSING REFLECTIONS ON ADDISON'S DISSOLUTION.

AND shall that, which would have shone conspicuous amid the resplendent lights of christianity's glorious morn, by these dark days be dropped into oblivion? Dropped it is; and dropped by our sacred, august, and ample register of renown, which has entered in its marble-memoirs the dim splendor of far inferior worth: though so lavish of praise, and so talkative of the dead, yet is it silent on a subject, which (if any) might have taught its unlettered stones to speak: if powers were not wanting, a monument more durable than those of marble, should proudly rise in this ambitious page, to the new, and far nobler Addison, than that which you, and the public, have so long,

and so much admired : nor this nation only ; for it is Europe's Addison, as well as ours ; though Europe knows not half his title to her esteem ; being as yet unconscious that the dying Addison far outshines her Addison immortal. Would we resemble him ? Let us not limit our ambition to the least illustrious part of his character ; heads, indeed, are crowned on earth ; but hearts only are crowned in heaven : a truth which, in such an *age of authors*, should not be forgotten.

IMPROVEMENT OF ADDISON'S DEATH.

It is piously to be hoped, that this narrative may have some effect, since all listen, when a death-bed speaks ; and regard the person departing as an actor of a part, which the great master of the drama has appointed us to perform to-morrow. This was a Roscius on the stage of life ; his exit how great ! Ye lovers of virtue ! plaudite : and let us, my friend ! ever “ remember his end, as well as our own, that “ we may never do amiss.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

RELIGION.

PETER the Great, when speaking of wits, and other persons, who turn religion into ridicule, said, that he was one day in a company at Amsterdam, where he met with several people of this description. “ I heard them

display all their learning," continued he; "but they appeared to me so weak, and so ignorant, that they excited my contempt rather than admiration. These men, who pretend to be wiser than their fellows, do not see that, by their licentious discourse, they only betray their impiety, ignorance, and pride."---If there be any impression which man is formed by nature to receive, it is religion. As soon as his mind opens to observation he discerns innumerable marks of his dependent state;---he finds himself placed, by some superior power, in a vast world, where the wisdom and goodness of the Creator are conspicuous on every side. False ideas may be entertained of religion; as false and imperfect conceptions of virtue have often prevailed in the world. But to true religion there belongs no sullen gloom; no melancholy austerity, tending to withdraw men from human society, or to diminish the exertions of active virtue. On the contrary, the religious principle, rightly understood, not only unites with all such virtues, but supports, fortifies, and confirms them. It is so far from obscuring the lustre of a character, that it heightens and ennobles it. It adds to all the moral virtues a venerable and authoritative dignity. It renders the virtuous character more august, To the decorations of a palace, it joins the majesty of a temple.

IDLENESS.

AMONG all who sacrifice future advantage to present inclination, scarcely any gain so little

as those that suffer themselves to freeze in idleness. Others are corrupted by some enjoyment of more or less power to gratify the passions ; but to neglect our duties merely to avoid the labour of performing them, a labour which is always rewarded, is surely to sink under weak temptations. Idleness never can secure tranquillity ; the call of reason and of conscience will pierce the closest pavilion of the sluggard ; and, though it may not have force to drive him from his down, will be loud enough to hinder him from sleep, Those moments which he cannot resolve to make useful by devoting them to the great business of his being, will still be usurped by powers that will not leave them to his disposal ; remorse and vexation will seize upon them, and forbid him to enjoy what he is so desirous to appropriate. Idleness is the great corrupter of youth, and the bane and dishonour of middle age. He who, in the prime of life, finds time hang heavy on his hands, may with much reason suspect, that he has not consulted the duties which the consideration of his age imposed upon him ; assuredly he has not consulted his own happiness.

DEPRAVITY.

IF we consider the present state of the world, it will be found that all confidence is lost among mankind, that no man ventures to act, where money can be endangered, upon the faith of another. It is impossible to see the long scrolls in which every contract is included,

with all their appendages of seals and attestations, without wondering at the depravity of those beings, who must be restrained from violation of promise by such formal and public evidences, and precluded from equivocation and subterfuge by such punctilious minuteness. Among all the satires to which folly and wickedness have given occasion, none is equally severe with a bond or a settlement.

BACON, THE SCULPTOR.

WHILE Mr. B. was walking one day in Westminster Abbey, he observed a person standing before his principal work, who seemed to pride himself on his taste and skill in the arts, and who was exuberant in his remarks.--- "This monument of Chatham," said he to Mr. B. (whom it is evident he mistook for an ignorant stranger), "is admirable upon the whole; but it has great defects." "I should be greatly obliged," said Mr. B. "if you would be so kind as to point them out to me." "Why here," said the critic, "and there; do you not see?—bad; very bad!" at the same time employing his stick upon the lower figures with a violence that was likely to injure the work. "But," said Mr. B. "I should be glad to be acquainted why the parts you touched are bad!" He found, however, nothing determinate in the reply; but the same vague assertions repeated, and accompanied with the same violence. "I told Bacon," said he, "repeatedly of this, while the monument was forming; I pointed out other

defects, but I could not convince him." "What then, you are personally acquainted with Bacon?" said Mr. B. "O yes," replied the stranger, "I have been intimate with him for many years." "It is well for you then," said Mr. B. taking leave of him, "that your friend Bacon is not now at your elbow, for he would not have been well pleased at seeing his work so roughly handled."

MR. RICHARDSON, AUTHOR OF PAMELA.

MR. RICHARDSON had not the advantage of a complete education, as the situation and circumstances of his father (who was a farmer in Derbyshire, would not allow him to bestow it. Dr. Young, to whom he was recounting the various difficulties he had passed through, asked him, "How he came to be an author?" He answered, "When I was about twelve years of age, I drew up a short character of a certain gentleman in the parish, who was reputed a great saint, but of whom I had a very different opinion. The character, it seems, was so exactly drawn, that when it came to be privately handed about among some select friends, every one could discern the features, and appropriate the picture to the true original, though no name was affixed to it. This little success, at first setting out, you will naturally suppose, tempted me at different times to employ my pen yet further in some trivial amusement or other for my own diversion, till at length, though many years after, I sat down to

write in good earnest, going upon subjects that took my fancy most, and following the bent of my natural inclination."

Dr. Young made this pertinent and just observation, that this man, with the advantages only, or chiefly, of mere nature, improved by a very moderate progress in education, struck out at once, and of his own accord, into a new province of writing, and succeeded therein to admiration. Nay, what is more remarkable, and seldom seen in any other writer, he both began and finished the plan on which he set out, leaving no room for any other after him to make it more complete, or even to come near him; and it is certain, that not one of the various writers, who soon after attempted to imitate him, has any way equalled him, or even come within a thousand paces of him. That kind of romance was and is peculiarly his own, and seems likely to continue so. "I consider him," said Dr. Young, "as a truly great natural genius; as *great* and *supereminent* in his way, as were Shakespeare and Milton in *theirs*."

Mr. Shotbolt says, that when Mr. Richardson came down to Welwyn, with the late Speaker Onslow, and other friends, to visit Dr. Young, he took up his quarters with Mr. Shotbolt, because there was not room enough at the Doctor's; and that, getting up early, about five o'clock, he wrote *two of the best letters* in Sir Charles Grandison in one or two mornings before breakfast.

Mr. Onslow had a high esteem for him; and not only might, but actually would have pro-

moted him to some honourable and profitable situation at court; but the good man neither desired nor would accept of such posts, (his business being very profitable, and his fortune good) being much better pleased with his own private way of living.

BRIDGET BENDISH,

GRAND daughter of Oliver Cromwell, resembled him more than any of his descendants, in the cast of her countenance and character. She, on some occasions, appeared with all the dignity of a princess; and, at other times, had as much the appearance of a low drudge to business, being as laborious as she was intelligent in the management of her salt works. After she had harassed herself with toil, she was as careless how or where she slept, or where she eat or drank, as Charles XII. was in the course of his campaigns. Sometimes, after a day of drudgery, she would go to the assembly at Yarmouth, where the greatness of her manners, and the superiority of her understanding, never failed to attract respect. She was never known to break her promise, nor, in her common conversation, to pay much regard to truth, as it would have been rashness to have affirmed any thing as a fact because she said it. Her charity appeared to be a virtue of the heart, as well as the hand. She exercised it in all places, and on every occasion; but in the exertion of it, frequently left her debts unpaid. Her piety was strongly tinged with enthusiasm. She,

on emergent occasions, would retire to her closet, where, by fasting, meditation, and prayer, she would work up her spirit to a degree of rapture, and then inflexibly determine her conduct by some text of scripture that occurred to her, which she regarded as a divine revelation. She would frequently fawn, dissemble, and prevaricate, and that for low, if not for sinister ends and purposes; and was, indeed, the jest and admiration, not only of her friends, but even of her servants, who justly regarded her as one of the best mistresses in the world.

She had the highest veneration for the memory of her grand-father, whom she revered as a consummate hero, and a glorified saint. She died in the year 1727, or 1728. This imperfect and contrasted sketch is chiefly taken from her character, more at large by Mr. Samuel Say, a dissenting minister who was intimately acquainted with her, and drew her from the life.

ON COMPANY.

BY JOSHUA TOULMIN, D. D.

ADVICE often loses its effect, because a prejudice is conceived against the person who gives it. An unfavourable construction is put upon his views, or the sagacity of his judgment is suspected. But when the maxim, which a friend recommends to our attention, hath the vote of all ages, the approba-

tion of all judgments, and the concurrence of all ranks and complexions of men in its favour, all objections, drawn either from the capacity or design of him who urges it, are precluded and silenced.

There is, perhaps, no point, upon which there hath been a more universal agreement, than the danger of keeping bad company. It is not merely the topic on which the anxious parent repeats his tender admonitions, or on which the grave divine gives his salutary lessons; but the statesman, the lawgiver, the philosopher, the king, and the poet, however divided by their ranks and pursuits, are here of the same sentiment.

Grotius, when an ambassador in France, was solicitous that such only should be recommended to his son for companions, as were themselves careful to make a proficiency, in piety and knowledge. St. Francis Walsingham observes, in a letter to a young gentleman, "they do best provide for themselves, that separate themselves as far as they can from the bad; and draw as nigh to the good, as by any possibility they can attain to." We are told that before Pythagoras, the philosopher, admitted any to his school, he enquired "who were their intimates;" justly concluding, that they who could keep bad companions, would not be much profited by his instructions.*

* Dean Bolton's Letters on the Choice of Company, p. 28 et alibi.

History acquaints us, that the wise lawgiver of the Thurians, a people of Greece, enacted a law with respect to this evil. He enjoined, that none should engage in any intimacy, or familiarity with immoral persons, and appointed that an accusation might be exhibited for keeping bad company, and laid an heavy fine on such as were convicted of it.

No one can speak with more precision or force on this subject, than doth that prince, whose name stands on record as synonymous with the wise man. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed. My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it and pass away." To conclude the list of testimonies on this head, we may produce that of a poet, and a dramatic writer, the words of Menander, quoted by Paul; "evil communications corrupt good manners." An apostle hath adopted them; and given the sanction of his name to the truth and importance of the remarks, thus strengthening the observation of the Grecian, by the application which he makes of it, and adding a new and still greater authority to the names already enumerated.

Suppose by the weight of such testimonies, may we not expect to be heard with greater attention, if we persuade young men to shun the conversation of the immoral, and to seek that of the virtuous and pious. The exhibition

of great names, that has been now made, is sufficient to screen such advice from the suspicion of proceeding from caprice or gloom. But we wish not to carry this point by the force of authority. We wish to leave it with your own minds, and to secure from your own judgment a verdict in its favour. Allow me freely and affectionately to argue the matter with you;—to lead you coolly to reflect upon the danger, to which bad company, at any period of life, exposes us, and to which young men, in particular, lie open from it.

Let us reflect on the danger to which, at any period of life, bad company exposeth us. It will, in the first step, familiarize vice to us. Great is the power of custom, to reconcile the mind to what, at one time, it regarded with dread or abhorrence. “Veteran troops face an enemy with almost as little concern as they perform an exercise.”* He, whom the field of battle hath inured to the desolation of the sword can walk among the wounded and dead without horror—without pity,—nay, with the cool and base design of plunder. “The youth, whom an ordinary swell of the ocean, alarmed at first, is afterwards calm and unapprehensive, when the storm is most violent.”† Who can visit an hospital without a strong sense of sympathy with the sick, the languishing and dying objects which he beholds? The constant attendants upon these spectacles of

* Dean Bolton.

† Ibid.

misery, feel no such lively, distressing emotions. Use and time easily reconcile us to whatever, at first, disgusted us in a new fashion, as inconsistent with convenience and decorum; though, perhaps, we were the last that adopted it, we at length become advocates for it. It would be endless to enumerate all the examples of the power of custom, to conquer our aversions and fears.

Happy would it be, if custom removed our disgusts, and conquered our terrors only where it is safe and necessary to get the better of these emotions. But it operates as powerfully, where such emotions, if cherished, would prove our security. The natural abhorrence of vice, especially if improved and strengthened by a careful education, is undoubtedly the fence of innocence and virtue. But it cannot be so closely or strongly raised about the heart, but evil communications will undermine and destroy it.

Were we to produce those, whom bad company hath corrupted, as witnesses of this truth, they would tell us how their minds were at first affected, and gradually debauched by familiarity with the vicious. At first what they saw and heard offended their delicacy, and raised their blushes. Their companions also were, at first, more reserved and cautious in their indulgences before them. But, after a time, the latter threw off the mask, and the former lost the lively sensibility of innocence. Their moral feelings being blunted, the shock continually abated; in consequence of this,

their aversion to vice wore away ; till at length to strong dislike succeeded some inclination to be partakers in the crimes, which they saw others practice with the air of libertinism, and the glee of pleasure. They began to look upon their former dislike as only the prejudice of education, and their modest aversion as foolish coyness. For the danger of evil communications ariseth,

Again, from our proneness to imitate, and from the force of example. " We are all," saith Mr. Locke, " a kind of camelions, that take a tincture from that which is near to us." We cannot long and habitually converse with any persons, without becoming like them. Either the impressions made on our minds by their manners, mechanically mould our hearts and conduct, or our partiality for them, or their persuasions form us into a likeness to them.

" So far," observes a good writer, " we may be all merely stiled players, as we all personate---borrow our characters---represent some other---act a part---exhibit those who have been under our notice, or whom we seek to please, or with whom we are pleased."*

This proneness to imitate discovers itself in childhood, and attends us through life ; it anticipates reason and reflection, and it often overrules consideration and judgment. History

* Dean Bolton on the Choice of Company, p. 18.

and biography suppose its use, and are addresses to it. It perpetuates family taste and manners. The prevalence of it establishes what we call fashion; and from it results, as in a great degree, its cause, the national character. There is not a village but exhibits its power. "We readily imitate, where we cannot be constrained to obey; and become, by example, what our rule seeks in vain to make us."* Hence good patterns are displayed to excite men to virtue; and can they behold, can they habitually converse with evil examples, without evident hazard to every good disposition and purpose?

Here the proneness to imitate acts with greater ease and power. Our inward inclinations concur with the examples before us. The present allurements of pleasure invite us to follow her votaries. The credulity of our minds betrays us into seduction. Virtuous reluctance and modesty are subdued by the countenance, which the conduct of others affords to vice. Every circumstance tends to abet the force of that propensity, which, of itself, very powerfully leads us to form our own character after that of others.

This a consideration which should awaken your caution in contracting intimacies. In these intimacies the example being nearer, it more sensibly insinuates itself, and acquires greater force, till at last it overcomes the bash-

* Dean Bolton on the Choice of Company, p. 18.

ful fears of innocence, and raises in the mind, that was pure and uncorrupt, an impious courage to commit the vilest iniquities.

Our danger from bad company proceeds, once more, from our solicitude to please our associates. "Conversation, like marriage," remarks a judicious author, "must have consent of parties. There is no being intimate with them who will not be so with you; and, in order to contract or support an intimacy, you must give the pleasure you would receive. This is a truth, that every man's experience must force him to acknowledge: we are sure to seek in vain a familiarity with any, who have no interest to serve by us, if we disregard their humour.*"

This being the case, whatever be the complexion and character of our associates, there must be some mutual compliances; some yielding to each other's taste; some conformity of manners. From what quarter must this arise; from the vicious or the virtuous side? From the vicious it undoubtedly ought to proceed; they should reverence innocence, and yield to the authority of virtue. But is it so? In fact, do not the sober and virtuous give way to the assuming airs, and the bold effrontery of vice? Modesty and goodness are silent, or retreat when profaneness points the keen ridicule, or vice exhibits itself without shame.

If our associates be habituated to sinful indulgences, the wisdom and prudence which

instruct us not to cast our pearls before swine, admonish us that it is in vain, by any remonstrances, to attempt their reformation. This amounts with us nearly to a plea, for not expressing any disapprobation of their words and actions. Why, we argue with ourselves, disgust our friends whom we cannot reclaim? Thus is the mind prepared to listen to *their* discourses, and to go some steps with them: otherwise the pleasures of intimacy must be lost, and the bonds of friendship be dissolved. When men see that they cannot bring others over to their own taste, they learn by degrees some of their ways, till they run into the same excess of folly. Men go beyond their own inclinations, beyond their sense of duty to please and oblige others; till at length dormant passions are awakened in their breasts, and by repeatedly going to the utmost bounds of what is lawful, the transition is made to what is highly unlawful and vicious. Thus it often, it fatally happens, that they, whom only some common pursuit, some favourite amusement, some object of policy or literature, at first brought together, through, on one side a desire of making themselves agreeable to the other, have at last become equal associates in scandalous enormities, alike contaminated with profaneness and vice.

These considerations, on the danger of associating with the vicious, merit our attention in all periods of life. To young men they are peculiarly important; because their sex, their age, and their pursuits in life, generally call

them much into company, and invite them to form intimacies. Examine, then, my brethren, the truth of the remarks that have been offered ; weigh them well ; look around and observe what confirmation they receive from fact and experience ; nay, consult your own feelings, and ask yourselves how you are affected with the manners and examples of your companions. But if the considerations laid before you be just, they apply with great force to your case. If there be a danger, a greater and imminent danger from evil communications, *your own* age, and that of your *associates*, if you mingle with the loose and profane, will heighten that danger.

The age of *young* men is attended with ensnaring, critical circumstances, that particularly expose them to the influence of their companions. Your period of life is the soil of kind and social feelings. It is credulous, unsuspicious, and fond of forming intimacies. Conceive what an advantage an artful seducer may derive from these dispositions ; how easily may he insinuate himself into a mind already inclined to friendship and confidence. Such a mind is naturally communicative : youth is frank and open, especially to those of the same age. In the company of young men ye find yourselves under little restraint : Ye are sensible that they have the like feelings, sentiments, and views. Their countenance doth not wear the stern brow of wisdom. Their language and deportment do not partake of the cold, unfeeling, de-

liberation of age. Their presence doth not overawe by authority.

Here the danger increases ; for here you are encouraged and invited to disclose those sentiments, and to indulge those emotions, which are suppressed before superior years and wisdom. If no irregular tendency accompany these sentiments and emotions ; if all within were pure, innocent, and well disciplined, this liberty would be more safe. But, alas ! is not the matter far otherwise ? The passions of youth have a strong bias to unlawful indulgences, to hurtful and sinful excesses. Associate with the wicked the latent spark is kindled ; the desires, which virtue would suppress, are called forth, and fuel is added to the rising flame.

The ruin of many an amiable, promising young man, warns us of the fatal consequences. A little reflection may make you fully apprehensive of the danger. Let it be supposed, that your education has been regular and pious ; that your hearts are hitherto uncorrupted ; that your dispositions are amiable and good ; and that your manners have been pure and innocent. These, it is granted, are the fair beginnings of a virtuous and respectable character ; — but what are they more than the beginnings ? It is an unavoidable circumstance attending early life, that habits of goodness are not formed ; that the character is not fixed. It is only the commencement of your warfare. Your resolutions may of course be more easily upset ;

your virtue more easily foiled. Will ye then, raw and undisciplined, enter into the field of battle? Will ye expose yourselves where dangers lie thick? Will ye, scarcely able to "run with the footmen, venture to contend with the horse?"—This would be folly and rashness.

For once more, as the necessary consequence of not having yet established your principles and habits, the proneness to imitation is as strong and lively in you now, as it ever was in any former period of your lives, and more than it will be in any future stage. As ye are beginning to mix with the world, ye now enter into social connexions with the highest relish; now the desire of making yourselves agreeable, operates with peculiar force. This, of all the stages of your existence, is that which ye are most likely to take your colours from those near you, and to be moulded by the manners of those to whom ye are affectionately attached, and with whom ye most constantly associate. Such is the danger arising from your own age.

The age of your companions is equally hazardous to you. Must it not be at your peril, to borrow your notions and maxims from those whose wisdom has not been matured by years; whose errors have not been corrected by experience; whose volatility has not been reduced into sober sedateness by trials? What must not be the consequence, if ye give yourselves up to the guidance of such, whose youth doth not render the most able to guide themselves?

Your real friends will be full of apprehensions for your safety, when they observe the deference ye pay to such, who, though they want the judgment and knowledge to qualify them to be skilful and sure pilots, are not deficient in other qualities that will probably gain your confidence and win your assent.

They are generally expert in the use of those weapons which are suited to their years, and adapted to yours. Ye will find such companions bold and assuming; so that your feeble, timid virtue will shrink away before them. Ye will find them forward to secure your intimacy; warm and cordial in their professions; the fervour of your own unsuspecting hearts will beat in unison with their friendly overtures. Their vivacity renders them pleasing companions. Their arguments, flowing from this lively vivacity, and addressed to yours, will be almost irresistible. They will not accost you as your grave friends do, by admonitions on the distant consequences of your behaviour, and by the solemn remarks of aged wisdom. They will accost you in a way more insinuating, because the way in which young minds argue.—Sprightly sallies of wit, pointed ridicule, superficial remarks, a loud laugh, the cheerful glass, a jest passed on the prejudices of education, the lewd song, and the pleasures of the present moment—these are the captivating charms of their eloquence; these, their powerful artillery, well adapted to gain a conquest over ignorance and levity, and to kindle latent passions.

The more various lights under which we view this subject, new and stronger conviction of the peril, of the contaminating influence of evil communications, must be produced in your minds. See how dangers thicken ; how inconveniences press around you, if ye avoid not the way of evil men ; who leave the paths of righteousness to walk in the ways of darkness.

We lament the fallen glory, the lost felicity of those amiable, promising young men, whose history seals the truth of these reflections. We drop a tear over the sad fate of a lively young prince, Eugene de Sorssons, who, at the age of fifteen, by the most engaging affability and sweetness of temper, a quick understanding, an heroic ardour, and a skill in the sciences and other parts of polite literature, raised the most exalted hopes. The greatest care was taken of his education. He was fond of a military life, and inured himself to its severities. At a distance from court and public diversions, he gave himself up to the study of philosophy and mathematics, under the care of a nobleman, distinguished as much by his science as his station, and under the instructions of an ecclesiastic, an excellent scholar, and a very wise man. This was his character in the year 1729. After this, bad examples found him unable to withstand them. When the vicious were his companions their manners were no longer his abhorrence. By associating with them he soon become as bad as the worst of them. In the year 1734, he was the reverse of his former

character; lost his virtue, and with it his life.*

The History of King Charles II. furnishes another painful memorial of the pernicious influence of evil communications. In his exile, and at the beginning of his reign, he spent his time well, and prescribed so many hours of the day to retirement in his closet. He discovered the excellent temper and justice of his own nature, was kind and affectionate, and piously sensible of his obligations to the providence of God. After he was established on the throne, he spent much of his time with confident young men, who abhorred all discourse that was serious; and in the liberty they assumed in drollery and raillery, preserved no reverence to God or man; but laughed at all sober men, and even at religion itself. The consequence, the fatal consequence was, that the king took every day less care of his affairs, and delivered himself up to the most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint.

Shall I add the name of Rochester to the list of those who have fallen victims to the snares of bad company? who, after he had laid aside the riotous and licentious manner of his earliest years, by falling again into company that loved these excesses was, though not without difficulty, and by many steps, brought back to his former courses, and that in a shocking degree. To complete his ruin the licentiousness

* Dean Bolton's Letters, Preface, p. 10.

of his temper, with the briskness of his wit, disposed him to love the conversation of those who divided their time between lewd actions and irregular mirth; and thus he came at last to bend his wit, and direct his studies and endeavours to support and strengthen those evil principles, both in himself and others.

Were we to collect all the instances of well-disposed youth, contaminated by their companions, it would supply voluminous memoirs of corrupted innocence—of ruined constitutions—of lives, an untimely sacrifice to vice. On every page the eye would weep at the affecting detail;—the heart would bleed for the fond parents, whose pleasing hope was blasted—whose grey hairs were brought with sorrow to the grave: it would bleed for lovely youth, lost to the world and to themselves—and, to finish their misery, in most instances lost for ever; being cut off, ere repentance had made any compensation for their folly, or reformation had purified their hearts.

What resolution, my friends, should these considerations awaken in your breasts! To what determination should they bring you?—but to shun all society with the bad. Ye would not, without the calls of necessity, take your walks through the wards where the sick were dying with the pestilence.—Ye might do that with as much safety to your health and life, as you can associate with the loose and profane, and be secure of your virtue and your souls. Form then this purpose; establish this

as a sacred rule with you—that ye will be the companions of them that “fear God, of them that keep his precepts.”

Others are your enemies, your worse enemies. They will betray you into the courses that will plant daggers of guilt in the mind, and entail disease on the body: into courses that will most materially affect the satisfaction ye should afford your friends, and the services ye should render to the world: into courses that lead to death, the glory of which is shame, and the happiness of which is destruction.

But be ye the companions of the wise, the chaste, the good and pious; their conversation will be always innocent and safe, generally agreeable and improving. They will be not only the companions of an hour, but the counsellors, the friends of life: they will keep you in your duty—the most important service young men can derive from their associates. Their example will be a spur to whatever is excellent and praise-worthy; their attachment will support and encourage your own best purposes.

Happy those young men who are disposed to form connexions with the good. Their parents and friends congratulate them. Wisdom embraces them as her sons. Virtue rejoices over them as her votaries. Happy are ye, my friends, if ye be inclined to seek, and do, in fact, relish the company of such. “Think how many, in other respects your equals in

wisdom and capacity, are in this instance making a foolish choice; and bless the Lord who hath given you counsel."*

A SINGULAR EPITAPH

On the late

DR. HENRY HUNTER.

BY W. B. COLLYER, OF PECKHAM.

BENEATH

This Pillar, raised by the hand of Friendship,
slumber the mortal Remains of the Rev.

HENRY HUNTER, D. D.

who through a long Life, deemed by those who knew
him, alas! too short,

served with unwearied assiduity the Interests of
Religion and Literature.

In him, to Talents the most illustrious, and a Mind the
most capacious, were united

Energy of Disposition; Elegance of Manners;
Benevolence of Heart; and Warmth of Affection.

In the Hearts of those who were blessed with his
Friendship, is preserved

the most sacred and inviolable Attachment;
but his best Eulogium, and his most durable Memorial,
will be found in his writings;

THERE he has an Inscription which the Revolution of
Years cannot efface---

a Tablet, which Time can neither injure nor destroy.

When the nettle shall skirt the base of this

Monument,

and the moss obliterate this feeble testimonial
of Affection;

Then finally, sinking under the pressure of Years,
 THIS PILLAR
 shall tremble, and fall, over the dust it covers,
 HIS Name shall be transmitted to Generations unborn !

READER !

thus far suffer the weakness of affectionate
 Remembrance
 where no adequate Eulogium can be pronounced,
 and when no other Inscription was necessary to
 perpetuate his Memory, than

HENRY HUNTER,

Thirty-one Years he was Pastor of the SCOTS CHURCH,
 LONDON WALL ;

and on Wednesday, the 27 of October, 1802,
 left his Family, and his Church,
 to deplore, but never to retrieve, his loss ;
 and silently took his flight to Heaven,
 in the Sixty-second Year of his Age.

VIEW IN HOLLAND.

FROM a drawing, favoured by a correspon-
 dent, the annexed engraving, of one of the
 fortified towns on the coast of Holland, is taken.
 That distracted country has become a prey to
 the unbounded ambition of the present despo-
 tic ruler of France. It is to be lamented, that
 the inordinate rapacity of this Corsican scourge
 should so long be permitted to extend itself
 with impunity. It was by the industry of the
 Batavians that Holland arrived to that state of
 prosperity in which it existed before the revo-
 lution ; and but for the treachery of some de-
 signing characters, who purchased their eleva-
 tion by the destruction of their fellow-country-
 men, Holland would, even to this day, have
 continued in its former state of independence.



VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

DRURY-LANE.

A NEW comedy, called "The Sailor's Daughter," written by Mr. Cumberland, was performed, for the first time, April 7. Though barren in incident, and by no means equal to the author's former pieces, it is not destitute of merit. Some of the characters can boast of originality; but the chastity, and occasional humour of the dialogue, must give satisfaction. We certainly think the piece suffered by its title;—we are apt to draw comparisons in such cases, and criticism must acknowledge that this comedy is by no means equal to "The Soldier's Daughter."

A new farce, called "The Middle Dish; or, The Irishman in Turkey," was produced at this theatre, for the benefit of Mrs. Jordan, April 16. This piece, we understand, had been previously accepted by the managers, who imagined, by giving the first night to Mrs. Jordan, to have insured her assistance in it every future night; but we are sorry to remark, that this lady, notwithstanding her comic abilities, not only *walked through her part* with unpardonable indifference, but destroyed the whole effect of her partner's character (Mr. Johnstone). The very scene-shifters conspired against the success of this piece, which, notwithstanding, was much applauded; and we are certain, had it been got up with attention, and either Miss Decamp, or Mrs. Harlowe, in Mrs. Jordan's character, it would have been a *standing dish*. The chief incidents is taken from a story in the Children's Tales, called "The King and the Wood-cutters." We are surprised the managers of the theatre have so little regarded their interest by laying it aside; it certainly contains more humour than the generality of farces, and is superior to the majority of them, by having a most excellent moral. We cannot conclude without observing, (which is not often the case) the author did more for the performers than they did for him.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Easter Monday was produced at this theatre a pantomimic, melo-dramic, historical ballet, called "Valentine and Orson," which

consists of songs, action, dialogue, &c. and comes from the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin.

The lovers of shew and music will certainly derive much entertainment from this motley composition. The story is told with great interest, and the dresses, and general action, well managed. The subject, however, has been already represented at Sadler's Wells, and we wonder the manager of a theatre-royal would rob those places of their entertainments.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ANSWER TO THOSE GIVEN IN OUR LAST
NUMBER.

REBUS.

Prince; attendant; peer; esquire, royal; paper.

CHARADES.

1. Wind-pipe.—2. Sea-son.—3. Carp-enter.

FOR SOLUTION.

1.

MY first's said of bread : my next of a book :
At the sound of my whole, for amusement you
look.

2,

My first is beneath : my second's a treasure :
My whole an employment that gives envy pleasure.

3.

My first is an equal, with coronet graced :
That my second is smaller, is easily traced :
My whole for unequall'd, by poets is placed.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR APRIL, 1804.

THE SOLDIER'S ALPHABET.

A STANDS for *Attention*, the first word he
knows,
And **B** stands for *Bullet*, to tickle his foes.
C stands for a *Charge* which the Frenchmen all
dread,
And **D** stands for *Discharge*, which soon lays
them dead.
Next **E** begins *Fase*, at which some times he stands;
And **F** bids to *Fight* when our enemy lands.
G stands for *General*, *Grapeshot*, and *Gun*,
Which together combin'd must make Buonaparte
run.
Then **H** begins *Honour*, to soldiers full dear;
And **J** stands for *Justice*, which next they revere.
But **K** bids them die for their country and *King*,
(Whom God to his firm health and happiness
bring
L is *Love*, which the soldier will oftentimes feel;
And **M** bids him *Mercy*, when conqu'ror, to deal.
N stands for a *Nation* of Englishmen free;
But **O** for an *Outpost*—but ours is the sea.

Then P stands for *Picket* and for *Pioneer*;
 And Q shows our enemies *Quaking* with fear.
 Next R stands for *Regiment*, and *Roll* of the drum;
 And S for *Salute* when the general comes.
 So T both for *Touchhole* and *Trigger* may stand,
 And V for the brave *Volunteers* of this land.
 Then W *Whispers* that war will soon cease;
 And X, Y, and Z, will rejoice at the peace.

J. M. I.

March 8, 1804.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MRS. TICKELL,

Wife of the celebrated author of "Anticipation," and
 sister to the famous Mrs. Sheridan.

REPLETE with every charm to win the heart,
 To soothe life's sorrows, or its joys impart:
 Soft, timid, elegant! her beauteous mien
 Bespoke the feeling—gentle mind within.
 Torn from her husband's fond endearing arms,
 From friends who weep her matchless worth and
 charms,

By pale disease, which on her beauties prey'd—
 Her roses blighted, and her form decay'd;
 They, like the graces of her virtuous mind,
 Were not for weak mortality design'd!
 Thus the sweet tub'rose in the thorny shade,
 Whose flow'rets wither, and whose honours fade,
 Till frost's ring dew, and sun-shine's chearing ray,
 Again call forth its beauties into day;
 Thus, 'midst the agonizing tears of woe,
 Truth whispers from the grave---" Thus shall
 thou blow!

There is a coming morn, shall bid thee rise,
 And in the bloom of virtue grace yon skies;

Where truth and piety shall live sublime,
And worth shall find its own congenial clime:---
Then mourn not that the saint, thus undismay'd,
Died at that dread command she e'er obey'd.

THE LANDSCAPE.

WHEN smiling morn with waking breeze,
And soaring larks salute the day,
While soothing whispers, thro' the trees,
Breathe forth the sympathetic lay.

Where yellow plumes the hills adorn,
Enchanting scenes of various hue;
The lowly vale lies not forlorn,
But humble sheds her favours too.

Beside some pleasing purling stream,
Whose gentle flow steals softly round,
While thro' the silver'd cloud a gleam
Shews all the vernal beauties crown'd.

The thatch-clad cot, and verdant lawn,
Where the keen hawthorn makes the fence,
There frisk the sportive lamb and fawn
In all their artless innocence.

Where blooming health sits on each cheek,
Nor grief-worn sorrow's furrow there,
Whose grateful hearts so plain bespeak
That pride and luxury have no share.

This same lone spot be my retreat,
Where balmy odours fill the air;
Where Envy never takes her seat,
Or woe emits its anxious care.

LINES

On his Majesty's late Indisposition.

BY MR. PRATT.

LONG has the isle been vex'd with dire alarms
And long its generous sons been rous'd to
arms;

Long has th' insatiate maniac made his boast,
That all his horrors should invade our coast;
In desperate vauntings, sworn to distant lands,
That half the trembling world shall join his bands.
Reluctant bands! who, while constrain'd, they
lend

To France their arms, are still fair England's friend;
And when their vassal legions dare the waves,
Will feel they strike for tyrants and for slaves.

Yet though their taunt be vain,—in all her might,
Imperial Britain stands prepared for fight:

COME, LET THEM COME—her proud defiance
sounds,

Which Glory echoes to her utmost bounds!

Like fire electric spreads from shore to shore,—

COME, LET THEM COME, and waft their navies
o'er!

In one vast chorus all her sons combine,

And cry, exulting—**BRITAIN WE ARE THINE!**

But whence, ah! whence the dread and sudden
gloom,

That throws around the silence of the tomb;

That turns from impious France the anxious eye,

While **WAR** himself stalks unregarded by;

Th' invasion, and th' invader, both forgot,

And all the threatened squadrons set at nought.

Oh ! there's a cause to Britain's heart more dear,
More closely twin'd with all she holds most dear ;
A love-born grief, more home-felt and more great,
Than foreign slaves or tyrants could create,
Tho' every host should rush from every shore,
Till plunder'd provinces could yield no more.

Yes, there's a cause,—assist ye favouring skies !
The FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE sick'ning lies !
To him his CHILDREN all direct their care,
For him they pour their filial souls in prayer !
And oh ! should Gallia's madman now advance,
The ruthless scourge of nature as of France !
Should he assault, with more than dæmon rage,
And Britons on their scepter'd sea engage !
Or, on their soil,—dear consecrated earth !
How would they prove their birth-right, and their
birth !

How would they rally round that kingly breast,
Where every christian virtue beams confess'd !
How, from the heathen traitor's brow would tear
The victor's wreath,—and place the captive's
there !

How would the beauteous, like the brave, conspire,
Fraught with a kindred zeal, a holy fire !

Pale on his couch, as glowing in the field,
Each arm would prove our christian hero's shield,
Myriads of hands would now more firm appear,
And every heart the royal standard rear :
Princes and people own a cause so just,
And they shall surely win—*who put in GOD their
trust !*

S. J. P.

Bath, Feb. 24, 1804.

AN ADDRESS
TO THE
DEMAGOGUES OF SEDITION. *

BY T. G. FESSENDEN, A. M.

LIFT your heads, ye sons of Faction!
Rouse, ye Jacobins, to action!

Stay awhile, and come and listen,
Let each meagre visage glisten,
For I will tell how every ninny
May safe in pocket lodge a guinea!

Imprimis, choose a Plenipo,
To courts of Europe let him go.
As men of consequence describe us,
And that, though money cannot bribe us.
Perhaps some moderate gratuities
Of secret pensions, or annuities,
From France, Great Britain, or from Spain,
May be bestow'd, and not in vain,
But make full many proselytes
To Jacobins, and Genetites. †

Then bawl, with patriotic fervour,
To tell our country how we'll serve her,—

* This was written in 1795. At that time Frenchmen were intriguing in the United States. Genet, the French Ambassador, and his *hirelings*, were striving to introduce in America those whimsical and destructive theories, which have caused so much blood-shed in France.

† The disciples of Genet, the French Ambassador to the United States.

Strong advocates for Freedom's cause,
Huzza for Liberty and Laws!
Declare that Washington and Jay
Their Country's interests would betray!

That men in power are such a gang
They scarce are good enough to hang!
And, that so desperate the case is,
We Jacobins must fill their places,
To save religious rights and civil
From his grim Majesty, the Devil!

Should *Federal Judges* make a rumpus,
With maul of Justice think to thump us,
We will not *stoop* to their correction,
But join the Pittsburgh insurrection!*

Then, should we chance to be defeated,
With lenity we shall be treated,
Escape the gallows twenty ways,
As did our predecessor, Shays.†
Suppose the worst that can befall us,
The pillory, whipping post, or gallows,
That men may with us sympathize
With heavy hearts, and weeping eyes,
Myself will scribble doleful ditty,
To melt the populace to pity;
And all shall wail the sad condition
Of *Us*, the martyrs of Sedition!

* In the year 1795 the American Government imposed a tax on *whiskey*, which greatly offended certain *ardent* patriots. An organised opposition (in which a well known character, now high in office in the United States, took an active part) was the consequence.

† Shays, a sort of American Wat Tyler, who excited a rebellion in the State of Massachusetts.

*LINES*BY MISS BOWDLER.

O THOU, great source of every good! by whom
This heart was taught to beat, those thoughts to range
O'er the wide circuit of the universe,
To soar beyond the farthest bounds of time,
And pant for bliss which earth could ne'er bestow,
While worlds unnumber'd tremble at thy power,
And hosts celestial own their loftiest strain
Too weak to tell thy praise—O how shall man
E'er lift his voice to thee? Yet at thy call
Thy servant comes: O hear my humble prayer!
By thy almighty power direct, sustain
My feeble efforts; and whate'er the lot
To me on earth assign'd, O guide me still,
By the blest light of thy eternal truth,
Through every varied scene of joy or woe;
Support my weakness by thy mighty aid,
And lead my soul to peace—to bliss—to Thee!

EPIGRAM.

WORN down with age, oppress'd with grief,
Impell'd by hunger to implore,
A fainting beggar for relief
Ask'd at a niggard miser's door—
"I nothing have for such as you,"
Loud bawl'd the wretched, callous sinner;
"Ah!" cries the beggar, "'tis too true,
Or thou would'st give thyself a dinner."

Literary Review.

An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa; in which is considered the Importance of the Cape of Good Hope to the different European Powers, &c. with a statistical Sketch of the whole Colony. Compiled from authentic Documents. By John Barrow, Esq. Volume the Second, illustrated with several Engravings.

OF the FOUR quarters of the globe *Africa* is the least known to the other parts of the world. Its uncivilized and savage condition prevents travellers from obtaining a thorough acquaintance with it. There are, however, of late years several intelligent men who have dared to penetrate its interior, and who have published their accounts, which have been received by the public with avidity. Among these Mr. Barrow holds a respectable rank, and we are indebted to his former as well as present labours for considerable information. He seems to have taken pains in the investigation of facts—to have had recourse to authentic sources of knowledge, and by these means to have provided an acceptable repast for his readers. We receive from the perusal of his

pages a just idea of that dark, uncultivated, and barbarous country.

The Cape of Good Hope has always been an important possession to the European powers, not only from its peculiar situation, but lying as it does in our way to the East Indies. Such stations, therefore, are deserving particular consideration. In the volume before us our curiosity will find a gratification; the author, having resided at the Cape of Good Hope for some time, has it in his power to communicate many particulars which illustrate the character and the manners of its inhabitants. These indeed are of a singular complexion—a strange mixture—an heterogeneous mass of individuals from distant regions of the earth. They however unite in the promotion of their interests with a sufficient degree of zeal and cordiality.

By way of Frontispiece we have a view of the entrance into *Cape Town*; and there are maps or charts scattered throughout the volume, which must be useful to the mariner in making him acquainted with the coasts and shores of that distant country.

Popular Tales. By Maria Edgeworth. In three Volumes.

The titles of these tales are *Lame Jervas*—*the Will*—*the Limerick Gloves*—*Out of Danger*—*the Lottery*—*the Rosanna*—*Murad the Unlucky*—*the Manufacturers*—*the Contrast*—*the Grateful Negro*—and *To-morrow*. We

admire the simplicity and good sense with which these pieces have been planned and executed. We congratulate the fair author on the possession of that species of talents which is calculated to instruct and amuse the rising generation. This lady and her brother, who writes the preface to this work, deserve the thanks of parents and tutors for having exerted themselves in the useful and honourable task of promoting youthful improvement. "Burke supposes there are 80,000 readers in Great Britain, nearly one hundredth part of its inhabitants! Out of these we may calculate, that 10,000 are nobility clergy, or gentlemen of the learned professions. Of *seventy thousand* readers which remain, there are many who might be amused and instructed by books which were not professedly adapted to the classes that have been enumerated. With this view *these* volumes have been composed."

Sermons, and other Miscellaneous Pieces. By the late Henry Hunter, D. D. To which are prefixed, a Biographical Sketch of his Life, and a critical Account of his Writings. With a Portrait.

In the first number of our miscellany, for 1803, we gave a portrait of Dr. Hunter, and his biography. We now, therefore, think it our duty to announce this posthumous publication, consisting of sermons, half of which are on the holy Communion, and half on miscellaneous subjects. There are added a few short funeral orations. The biography is well

written and impressive ; the critical sketch is drawn up with judgment, and the whole volume reflects an honour on the memory of the deceased. He was, indeed, a man of no mean talents ; his pulpit eloquence was the theme of general admiration. His literary labours also were esteemed by the public ; he may be said, both by his original pieces, and by his translations, to have enriched and promoted the literature of his country.

An authentic Account of the late unfortunate Death of Lord Camelford ; with an Extract from his Lordship's Will, and some Remarks on his Character. By the Rev. W. Cockburne, A. M.

THE circumstances of this unfortunate business are well known to the public. We are happy, however, to learn from these pages that his lordship, notwithstanding his boisterous qualities on certain occasions, was a lover of science, and by no means estranged from the spirit of humanity. Of chemistry he was passionately fond ; and though he entertained through life some doubts respecting revealed religion, yet he died in the belief of christianity. It is to be devoutly wished, that his life and death may prove the means of shewing the folly and wickedness of that *false honour* by which the present age is unhappily distinguished.

A Translation of Anstey's Ode to Jenner. To which are added, two Tables; one shewing the Advantages of Vaccine Inoculation, the other containing Instructions for the Practice. By John Ring, Member of the Royal College in London.

THIS title-page fully holds up the contents of this little pamphlet; the vaccine inoculation cannot be too strongly recommended, and its benefits ought to be made to flow throughout the world! The Ode to Dr. Jenner is spirited; and the merits of this eminent philanthropist are recounted in language marked by elegance and propriety.

The Lewes Library Society: a Poem. By John Button, jun.

TO encourage early genius is a duty which we owe to the effusions of the human mind, and to the public who are ultimately benefitted by such effusions. We are here presented with a poem by a young gentleman who has not left the academy; this specimen of his talents is pleasing: he has stated very properly the merits of some of the principal authors which compose the library, and then closes with these pleasing lines:

Ye sons of Science! whom the virtues greet,
That smiling crowd around her radiant seat.
O may her pow'ful, generous charm impart
To you the patient head, the tender heart.
Long may the child of mirth her friendship share,
And may her smile relax the brow of care!
Then, while the Gallic regions press the plain,
And BRITAIN'S thunders rule the foaming main:

While slaughter stalks in footsteps track'd with gore,
 And echo hoarsely mocks the cannons' roar,
 War's brazen trump in vain shall sound to arms,
 Your calm abode shall hear no rude alarms;
 Your tranquil minds no latent envy know—
 Your social bosoms melt at other's woe;
 Faction, and every meaner passion cease,
 And *all* around be harmony and peace!

A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Lincoln at the triennial Visitation of that Diocese, in May and June, 1803. By George Pretyman, D. D. F. R. S. Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

THE purport of this charge is to prove that the Church of England inculcates the scripture doctrine of *universal redemption*; and in our opinion this able prelate has established his point beyond all reasonable controversy. Such a doctrine is consonant to reason, and promotive of real piety.

Retrospect of the Political World.

FOR APRIL, 1804.

IN our last we expressed a hope that we should, in our present number, have it in our power to state the perfect recovery of his MAJESTY. We are happy, therefore, in stating that there not only has been no relapse, but that his MAJESTY is now deemed adequate to all the numerous and important duties of his station. His daily exercise on horseback will, we trust, facilitate his *complete* restoration.

The *First Consul* of France has dared to penetrate a neutral territory belonging to the German empire—seized the *Duke de Enghein*, grandson of the Duke de Bourbon—carried him to Paris—dragged him before a military tribunal—and then had him shot at midnight in the depth of a forest! The pretence was, that he was engaged in the late conspiracy; but no proof of the charge has transpired. Indeed the execution of this amiable young prince was a foul and bloody murder!!

Pichegru is said to have strangled himself in the Temple, though it is generally and justly believed that he was put to death in this base and cowardly manner by the French government; which, with the present *monster* at its head, must be pronounced the consummation of all villainy.

Preparations for *INVASION* still continue; the *enemy* are, however, closely watched in their own ports; though many are of opinion, that were they suffered to come out we should hear of their *speedy* and *irremediable* *DESTRUCTION*.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR APRIL, 1804.

2. **B**EING Easter Monday, upwards of 700 boys from Christ Church Hospital walked in procession to the Royal Exchange. The procession then went to Christ Church, Newgate-street, where the Bishop of

Gloucester preached. After the sermon it returned to the Mansion-House, where a superb and elegant dinner was provided, consisting of all the delicacies and luxuries of the season.

4. A fire broke out at Woolwich Warren, occasioned by the carelessness of the workmen. The flames at one time were very alarming; but owing to extraordinary exertion they were speedily extinguished.

10. The Literary Fund held their anniversary festival at the Crown and Anchor Tavern; the Right Hon. Lord Pelham in the chair. Above four hundred noblemen and gentlemen dined together on the occasion, and the day was spent in the utmost gaiety. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, made a handsome donation of 100l. to the fund. The society has given near 2500l. in secret relief to distressed authors, and their families. We are happy to state, that the income last year was above 800l. and we receive great satisfaction in thus seeing it so fairly and honourably distributed. In the course of the day, Mr. Fitzgerald, Major Pye, and a gentleman of Oxford, recited compositions written on the occasion. Among the toasts was the following one.—
“ May a free country, upheld by law, soar triumphant over a government supported by midnight assassination !”

13. A man was observed by a serjeant talking to one of the centinels on duty, at St. James's Palace, which induced him to ask what he wanted: the answer was, *to see the king!* The serjeant said he could not see the king; but

refusing to go away, he was taken into custody, and conveyed to Bow-street. Upon his examination in the evening, before Mr. Bond, he said his name was *James Stokes*, and that he walked from Cheshire to see London with only 6s. in his pocket! He was ordered to be detained.

14. Lady Glanville, of Manchester-street, widow of Sir John Glanville, was burnt to death. She was found lying on the floor quite dead, and nearly the whole of her clothing reduced to ashes! It was supposed that her cap caught fire while reading; for though her chair was partly burnt, yet the fire seems to have had no further communication.

15. A dreadful fire broke out at a tar warehouse, and timber-yard, at the further end of Ratcliff Highway. It raged with uncommon violence, but it was soon happily got under, though six houses, and the premises adjoining them, together with a considerable amount of property, were consumed.

16. A lamentable accident occurred at a chapel in Roscommon, Ireland: it was immensely crowded, so that one of the pillars, supporting the gallery, gave way; *fourteen* persons were killed at the moment, and more than double the number so severely injured that little hopes are entertained of their recovery.

17. The sessions closed at the Old Bailey, when *twenty* unhappy persons received sentence of death; *thirteen* were ordered for transportation during seven years, and *five* for *fourteen* years; *twenty-one* to be imprisoned in Clerken-

well, and *nine* in Newgate; *eight* to be publicly, and *five* to be privately, whipped! This list conveys no very favourable idea of the purity of the times in which we live.

21. The Scotch Corporation held their annual spring dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand. His Grace, the Duke of Montrose, the president of the society, was in the chair, and he informed the company, in an interesting speech, that the funds of this excellent institution were in a state of high prosperity. The meeting was attended by some most respectable characters: we are always happy in announcing such associations, as they serve to do away that most odious of all prejudices—the prejudice of nationality.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

SAMUEL Stinton, Birmingham, timber merchant. Edward Harrison, Easingwold, York, woollen-draper. John Owen Harries, late of Swithin's, lane, London, dealer in ale and porter. Ralph Lowe, late of Kinderton, Chester, miller. Henry Yend, Upton-upon-Severn, Worcester, carrier. Solomon Simons, Lynn, Norfolk, silversmith and jeweller. George Speed, Blackman-street, Newington, Surrey, stable-keeper. Josiah Fletcher, Stockport, Chester, silkman. John Clarkson, Thomas Clarkson, and Christopher Clarkson, of Bedale, Yorkshire, linen-manufacturers. William Raven, Colchester, linen-draper. John Gordon, Peghouse, Gloucester, clothier. Philip Jones Phillips, Oxford-street, Middlesex, upholsterer. John Martindale, New Bond-street, wine-merchant.

James Gadsden, Bishopsgate-street, cheesemonger. James Graham, Piccadilly, watch-maker. William Harding, Mildenhall, Suffolk, shopkeeper. Sander Russelsheim, Gouldstone-square, White-chapel, Middlesex, merchant. William Smith, of West Bromwick, Stafford, butcher. Joseph Makin, Bolton, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. Archibald Stevenson, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, Middlesex, Engine-maker. James Godfred, High-street, Shadwell, slopseller. Hugh Johnson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, carpenter. John Pickering the younger, Runcorn, Cheshire, miller. James Hurdis, Seaford, Sussex, apothecary. John Scott and Charles Stewart Bisset, Liverpool, merchants. Lewis Roberts, Llanavon, Monmouth, timber merchant. Thomas Wingate, Market Raisin, Lincoln, linen-draper. Robert Maxwell, George-street, Minorities, ship-broker. Chapman Ives, Coltishall, Norfolk, brewer. James Parker, Narrow Wall, Lambeth, victualler. John Proctor, late of Beal, otherwise Beaghall, York, corn-factor. Richard Tanner, Birmingham, upholder. Thomas Rookley, Bridgewater, Somerset, baker. William Holden, Shirbeck Quarter, Lincoln, coal-merchant. Francis Sergeant, Wakefield, York, innkeeper. Joseph Bradby, Wilton, Wilts, timber-merchant. Robert Brears, late of Middleton, Lancaster, cotton manufacturer. William Pink, commonly called and known by the name of William Field, and John Birch, Charles-street, Grosvenor-square, tailors. Jeremiah Marshall King, Bristol, dealer and chapman. Richard Walford, Chester, porter-brewer. Thomas Mort, and John Broadhurst, Manchester, cotton-spinners. Thomas Dickinson, Manchester, builder. William Bell, Southampton-street, Covent-garden, hatter. Thomas Hart, Bristol, merchant. John

Quarton, High Catton, Yorkshire, dealer. Robert Pendleton, Lancaster, merchant. William Cook, Cannon-street-road, mariner. John Milner, Morley, Yorkshire, woolstapler. James Balfour, Russell-court, Drury-lane, shoe-maker. John Snowdon, Plymouth, draper. Mary Mills, Newington Causeway, Surrey, cooper. Richard Private, Leicester-place, Westminster, auctioneer. William Watmore, New Windsor, innkeeper. John Hill, Cateaton-street, warehouseman. John Natrass, St. John's Chapel, Durham, innkeeper. J. Clark, Holton, Suffolk, merchant. W. Benstead, Halesworth, Suffolk, maltster. S. Bradley, Cock and Hoop, Holborn Bars, victualler. R. Harris, Maidstone, Kent, woollen-draper. W. Green, Romford, Essex, linen-draper. W. Thompson, Birmingham, Warwickshire, stone-mason. C. Metcalfe, Kighley, Yorkshire, money-scrivener. W. Beattie, St. Paul's Church-yard, London, pocket-book-maker. G. Walker, Braintree, Essex, shopkeeper. R. Parkinson, Deal, Kent, druggist. R. Dalton, Church-street, Kensington, carpenter. W. Elliot, Beverley, Yorkshire, tanner. W. Acklam, Beverley, Yorkshire, tanner. J. Noble, Kensington Gravel-pits, brewer.

REMARKABLE DEATHS.

At Hand-Cross, Mr. Howel, builder, of Brighton, and one of the greatest proprietors of lodging-houses in that town; he was also a proprietor of one of the stage coaches from that place to London. Mr. H. was, on his road to town, attacked by a fit of apoplexy, near the inn where he died, and did not speak afterwards till within a few hours of his death.

A few days ago, at Gilcomston, in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, Flora Macleod, at the uncommon

age of 104. She retained her senses and recollection to the last.

At Stratton, Norfolk, Mrs. Everett, one of the people called Quakers, at the advanced age of 100. She has left living her lineal descendents, 77 children, grand children, and great grand children.

At Paris, Mr. Miln, a celebrated mechanist, who first constructed cotton mills in France.

Lately at Schwerin Mecklenbourg, Colonel Durell, Deputy Commissary-general of the British Army. Colonel Durell was descended from an ancient family in the county of Hants, and early in the present reign was first equerry to the king, and governor of the pages. He was appointed deputy-commissary general, and sent to the continent to examine and settle the accounts of the late war, and of the expedition of his Royal Highness, the Duke of York. He had completed the object of his mission with the highest credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of his Royal Highness, and was on the eve of his return to England, to enjoy the reward of long and faithful service.

Lately, in his 12th year, at the house of the Dowager Lady Albemarle, in Berkeley-square, Lord Viscount Bury, eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle.

On Saturday, the 14th, Lady Harriet Fitzroy, seventh daughter of the Duke and Dutchess of Grafton, in the 21st year of her age, after a long illness.

On Thursday, the 12th, at Duplin Castle, in Perthshire, the Right Hon. Robert Auriol, Earl of Kinnoul, Viscount Duplin, Lord Hay of Kinfrauns, and Baron Haye of Pedwardine, in England; also one of his majesty's most honourable privy council. His lordship is succeeded by his eldest son, Thomas Robert Viscount Duplin, now Earl of Kinnoul.

Suddenly, at Bury, Mrs. Morrall, aged 44; a woman well known throughout the kingdom as an extraordinary production of nature, having been born without arms. She could cut the smallest watch-papers and devices, in the most ingenious manner, with a pair of scissars, by means of her toes. She has for many years travelled the country as a public exhibition.

On Thursday, the 12th, of a cancer in his throat, Mr. Charles Bennet, upwards of forty years organist of Truro Church. This gentleman was respectably descended; but being in childhood deprived of his sight, by the bursting of a wooden gun, he was put under the tuition of that celebrated organist, Stanley, with whom he continued seven years. He was soon after appointed organist of Truro; and, during the earliest part of his life, taught his professional science through a great part of his native country. His sprightly wit and convivial temper made him a welcome visitor wherever he went, and often has he "set the table in a roar." Although blind, he delighted in amusements which would appear to give pleasure chiefly to the sight. He was partial to horticulture, and so exquisite was his touch, that he could distinguish and describe all his flowers, and even the different weeds which occasionally mixed with them. Although he had reason to lament the effects of gunpowder, yet he had been known to walk above a mile to hear fire-works let off, perfectly distinguishing between the good and the bad. He enjoyed a game at whist, and played with skill and precision, having previously marked his cards with a needle so ingeniously, that the punctures were imperceptible to his adversaries, nor was he long in thus preparing the cards for his use. He attended the Truro theatre when honoured by the performance of Mrs. Siddons. Having a son a lieutenant in the navy, who was with Captain Sir Edward Pellew, and Carthew Reynolds, in several of their engagements, he employed his poetical talents in celebrating their achievements. His memory remained unimpaired to the last; as an instance of which, he recollected that a considerable sum of money was due from him to a person who had no security for it, on which account he had it paid off immediately. He was ever punctual in his attendance at church, and never allowed a slight illness, or any other consideration, to interfere with his public duty in that place.
